JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this No. see Page 11. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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The following claims have been received for our issues of May 27th, June 3rd, and June 10th:—

H. WEBB, 59, Coburn Street, Cardiff. May 27th. 276,786.
ROBERT MILMS, 23, Sketran, Newtonhill. June 3rd. 314,922.
J. S. CRAWFORD, 41, Strasburg Street, Eccles New Road, Salford, Manchester. June 10th. 478,041.
F. DALTON, 31, Hare Street, Grimsby, Lincolnshire. June 10th. 119,895.
DAVID GOULD, Church View, Cefn Coed, Merthyr Tydvil. June 10th. 546,596.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 24th:—

21564	181581	388255	524360	734481
47447	186002	404799	542042	752006
87638	200492	415200	554006	762940
97537	216922	428480	569126	777635
100474	232899	447534	579659	784701
114251	244672	462444	645580	803491
120853	267592	468952	683799	827116
142172	276730	481793	694052	832428
155663	330971	499754	712728	839995
166194	353216	502166	718950	844729

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED AUGUST 19TH (PUBLISHED AUGUST 17TH).

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TO READERS ABROAD.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S APPEAL.

The appeal of Mr. Bottomley against the recent £50,000 verdict will be heard to-day (Thursday). Mr. Bottomley will argue his own case, and submit that the Lord Chief Justice was wrong in leaving the case to the jury—there being no evidence, in law, to go to them; that there was grave misdirection in the Summing-Up; that the verdict was perverse, and, finally, that it was largely induced by the improper conduct of the case by the Plaintiff's Counsel.

THE REVOLUTION.

There is only one thing certain about this—there isn't going to be one. The Constitutional Crisis is most unlucky. Twice it has clashed with Christmas, and now it synchronises with the summer holidays and the dog days. So it will have to be arranged—on the motion of Mr. Asquith, seconded by Mr. Balfour—that the Battle shall stand over till the autumn. This being agreed, each side will have a little war dance—and then retire into its tents.

LORDS AT LORD'S.

When candidates are defeated at elections it is usual for the scribes to come and ask them why they did not win, and this appears to be regarded for some strange reason as a compliment. Now the gentleman who failed at North West Ham has kindly revealed the secret of his discomfiture; people could not let him have motors because they were wanted for the Harrow and Eton match at Lord's. That is a very happy illustration of the really serious nature of the great Constitutional Revolution in whose throes the whole nation is now plunged. The fate of the Empire is at stake, liberty and property are doomed, but no one troubles about the election when there is a chance of seeing a few schoolboys play cricket. What a farce the whole thing is!

TOO MUCH CORONATION.

We hope we are not lacking in either loyalty or patriotism, but we respectfully suggest that the Coronation "festivities" might now cease. Let us all join heartily in three cheers for the King, and three more for the Prince of Wales (and groans for the Revolution!), and then get about our business, and our pleasure.

JOHN BURNS' TRIUMPH.

Honest John has won. His chagrin at his treatment over the Insurance Bill is to be appeased—and he is to have a chance at last—with his Milk Bill. Good luck to it!

PATRIOTIC PEEPSHOWS.

Who is to have the half-crowns collected for a sight of the Coronation robes at the Imperial Institute? Still more difficult to answer: Who are the inveterate sightseers willing to pay for this privilege? There seems to be no end of subsidiary traffic engendered by the great historical pageant. While we are in an inquisitive mood, let us also ask what good the Imperial Institute ever has been to anybody, or is ever likely to be until someone seizes it and turns it into artisans' dwellings.

TIM.

Mr. Tim Healy, K.C., has become the O'Brienite member for North-east Cork. When the Healyite party joins the O'Brienite party in the House of Commons Mr. Redmond will probably hear of something to his disadvantage. They bitterly resent Mr. Redmond being cast for the rôle of home ruler.

BRAVO, BELLOC!

Our ex-"Honourable Friend" Hilaire Belloc is running a new weekly, the *Eye-Witness*, and by George! isn't he giving the Party system pepper! We can well do with a few more H. B.'s.

Begin to-day Baroness Orczy's great Serial in this week's "Mrs. Bull."

Newspaper Thieving.

While we have not the smallest objection to any newspaper or periodical published in the heavens above or in the earth beneath borrowing matter from the pages of John Bull if it makes the usual acknowledgments directed by courtesy, we take the strongest objection to being robbed of it. The thievery has now become so bad that we are determined to put a stop to it. The two instances before us this week are those of the *Egyptian Morning News* and the *Transvaal Leader*. The first paper steals from us an article on Coronation Decorations, altering the tenses to suit its own nefarious purposes; the second one steals one on Automobiliousness; not the smallest acknowledgment being made by either. We are aware of the allegation that "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre, e'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea, an' what 'e thought 'e might require 'e went an' took—the same as me. They (the market girls and fishermen) knew 'e stole, 'e knew they knowed, they didn't tell nor make a fuss, but winked at 'Omer down the road, an' 'e winked back—the same as us." When the Rudyard is kipling he is entitled to speak for himself, but we are not going to "wink back." The next editor who purloins our goods and eliminates the place of origin will find that we are after his hair.

South Shields and Daylight Saving.

Alderman Reynoldson has carried a resolution in the South Shields Town Council deleting the recommendation by the Trade and Commerce Committee of the Daylight Saving Bill. It seems that whatever South Shields saved by the Bill in daylight it would lose on its electric light. "The Bill will effect a great saving in artificial light," said Alderman Lawson. "But we have put our money in an electric plant," retorted the other alderman, and finally the Early-to-bed-Early-to-rise Bill was left uncommended, as a gross interference with local industries. That is one way of looking at it, of course; another largely held is that people who are no longer children resent the idea of being put to bed at night and roused in the morning by Parliament as if it were their dear old grandmother.

Mulcting the Poor Widow.

It is a pity the police of Buckley cannot find something better for the local magistrates to do than mulct old women in fines of half-a-crown for selling lollipops and other toothsome dainties on Sundays. One of two old women whom the police prosecuted, probably on the incitement of the Sabbatarian Society of Vigilant Busybodies, had only half-a-crown a week to live on, and this she got from the parish. The magistrates were kind enough to give her time to pay, and for the next few weeks the old woman will be economising her food supplies in order that the righteous and godly of Buckley may not be distressed in their immortal souls.

Dignity, Not Beer.

Mr. A. J. Millan, of Garvally House, Alloa, says that he and his colleagues did not retire from the meeting of the Coronation Committee because the Town Council accepted ale from Messrs. Younger, but because they accepted the ale after the Parish Councillors had recommended and reported that "no alcohol liquors should be included," and because the Coronation Committee, after accepting that recommendation, changed their minds on the ruling of the Provost that the decision of the Town Council overrode the Coronation Committee. The clear fact is that the ale was the cause and the dignity was the opportunity. What chiefly interests us now is whether the people who got the ale got the *delirium tremens*. Peradventure our friend is able to inform us?

Legalised Begging.

If a poor devil down on his luck solicits a copper in the streets or even offers his skill from door to door without a licence, he is promptly run-in and sent down for a month's hard labour, but if he is the sort of cadger who finds the columns of the press profitable he is allowed to proceed without a caution. Here is a recent advertisement from a newspaper: "Will two people please give £30 a year each for two years to vicar's son going to Oxford—intending Holy Orders. Has secured £40. . . Very real charity. Highest refs. Parent's income very small." We don't care whether the vicar's son is intending holy orders or some commercial career; the fact remains that he is an enterprising beggar. If he sticks to his business of begging through the papers for a hatful of sovereigns instead of in the streets for a mouthful of bread, he will probably get on in holy orders better than in anything else. The Church needs people with a gift.

The Governess.

Speaking of the Church, we wonder whether it is a vicar who advertises in the *Church Times* thus:—"Wanted, Young Governess for two girls, 14 and 16. Thorough knowledge of French, Drawing, and Sketching. Good appearance, small waist, tiny hands essential. C. H.——." The rev. gentleman, if rev., seems unduly particular about the governess's anatomical structure. But perhaps he is not a rev. gentleman at all. He may be a corset and glove manufacturer.

"Commonsense Politics."

Roberts, of Leicester, has bobbed up again like a Jack-in-the-box, which surprises us amazingly, for the last time he offered his services to Leicester we thought the burgesses not only sat on him, but squashed him. "Commonsense Politics," says his latest poster. "6,000,000 Votes from the Workers of the British Empire will give Roberts the Reins of the British Government if All are United into one Brotherhood. Roberts is the Man that will at once initiate the Bill to make it lawful to close all works at mid-day, and put every man and woman into work, fix all wages for life at £3 a week or sufficient for your physical needs. Cease Payment of Rent and Taxation and will Loan the Nation's Money to all Men without interest to build their own houses, or make them State Property rentless." All we have to say is that when we see six million people putting the reins of the British Government into the hands of Roberts we shall get us to a monastery, while our talented brother runs the nation. "The cost or expense of doing this work," says Roberts, "will be 6,000,000 shillings, or one penny per month for twelve months from six million men and women." Roberts should pass round his hat without delay, before the statisticians of the Board of Trade get tired of proving that the nation is revelling in prosperity.

The Keeper of the Ponds.

The multiplication of officials is no doubt very nice for people who cannot otherwise earn an honest living. We hope we are not drifting towards the German theory that man is made for officials, not officials for man. Note the subtle distinction. We commented recently upon public baths being shut up on Bank Holidays for the relief of the attendants. Now we hear the complaint of a number of people who made a long pilgrimage to Hampstead Ponds in pursuit of a plunge, only to find a notice to say the ponds were closed because their "keeper" had gone off to help at some races. The post of Keeper of the Ponds sounds almost as funny as something in Alice in Wonderland, or even as some court sinecurist at a high ceremony. But if ponds require a keeper, why should he be away?

Baroness Orczy's great New Serial begins in this week's "Mrs. Bull."

WHY NO THAMES BATHING?

Talking of bathing, why is the Thames neglected in London? It ought to be easy to establish floating baths such as are to be found on the rivers of other capitals. At present, the only bathers seem to be would-be suicides, tipsy persons and life-saving ministers of the Crown.

PARKS PROSCRIBED.

During the unexpected glimpse of warm weather which we recently enjoyed many people must have reflected how lucky London is to possess so many nice shady parks and open spaces, known to the scribes as the lungs of our great metropolis. How agreeable after the heat and burthen of the day to take a stroll there with Amaryllis, instead of perspiring in a music-hall. But it is disappointing to find that, by the rules of a Medo-Persian County Council, nearly every recreation ground is locked up at nightfall. We suppose the motive is that of Mrs. Grundy, and every nice-minded person ought to blush over the idea of possible opportunities for young people sitting about in the gloaming—perhaps even clasping one another's hands—without the chaperonage of garish electric lights. If we suggest that tired toilers are deprived of beneficent rest, we shall be told that it is unfair to expect armies of watchmen to supervise the manners of the community more than a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four. That, however, is poor consolation for those of us—are we such a hopeless minority?—who can be trusted to walk across a park in the dark. In any case it does seem hard that little strips of garden, such as are to be found on Chelsea Embankment, should be put out of our reach just when we might enjoy them for rest and meditation. Nor are we convinced that good morals are secured by the proscription. Surely naughty people can find opportunities of naughtiness elsewhere. Where there's a naughty will, there's always a good way.

BACON ALL ALIVE-O!

A Streatham trader has been fined £5 and costs for having upon his premises bacon unfit for human food. The inspector found the bacon alive with maggots. The plea of the defendant was that he had recently bought the business and had not time to examine the stock. If that was the fact, and the man would not have sold the bacon, the fine is no doubt hard upon him; if he would have sold it, or some of it, it is another matter. In any case, the magistrate is right in impressing upon traders that the object of the statute is to ensure that people get food fit to eat, and is not concerned with what the seller knows about it. This is not only law but, for once, commonsense as well. If a man sells bacon which is only waiting for an opportunity to walk out of the shop, and somebody is poisoned as a result, it is not much consolation to the relatives to be told that the vendor did not inspect the food before he sold it; though if the purchaser were a millionaire it might console Mr. Lloyd George and the next-of-kin.

AN OFFER FOR OUR LITTLE DOG.

We have received the following engaging offer from Sydenham, Durban, but perhaps a bull-terrier might be more useful for the purpose of the servant of God:—

> SIR,—Some of the bad people that comes to my church stoles my fowls all times in the weak. I think it good if I buy a wild dog, in England, for bite the bad people. The one on the page of JOHN BULL in your photograp look wild. Tell this servant of God where you buy him so that I buy one like him. How much money you pay wild dog like him?
>
> JOSIAH AMATUNGULU,
> *Reverend of Sydenham.*

COCOS AND PHILANTHROPY.

We learn with delight, mingled with surprise, that a new expedition has set out for Cocos Island in search of the treasure which pirates are supposed to have deposited there last century. The reason for our delight is, that the bold explorers turn out to be a lady who is described as "a London philanthropist," and two gentlemen, "whose names are also known in connection with philanthropic work in London." Of course Robin Hood used to rob people for the benefit of the poor, but we thought his methods were no longer fashionable; and we are a little bit surprised to find three goody-goody people proclaiming their intention of reaping the reward of successful piracy. Just to satisfy our curiosity, we wish they would tell us what they intend to do with the £20,000,000's worth of doubloons and pieces of eight when at last they unearth them after the approved methods of romance. As they are avowedly philanthropic, they cannot mean to devote the money to their own amusement. The very least they can do is to build some huge model dwelling, where workers can be taught to live like shop-walkers, or to start a stupendous society for the maintenance of fat secretaries and legions of clerks for the dissemination of exploded views. But even then we foresee possible qualms about the honesty of the whole proceeding. Will not it be their duty to seek out the descendants of all the victims of the old buccaneers? We are sure that the legal profession will be grateful to us for this timely suggestion.

THEIR LORDSHIPS' LODGINGS.

Surely it used to be the duty of the sheriffs to provide accommodation for the judges on circuit. Now it seems that the cost of this hospitality falls upon long-suffering ratepayers. At Nottingham, for instance, where the average stay of the judges is two weeks out of fifty-two, the public burthen amounts to no less than £300 a year. We hope we shall not be accused of contempt of court or disrespect towards ancient ideas if we suggest that the average judge would be quite as happy and comfortable if he were given a few bank notes and told to go and take his ease at the local inn. Part of the expense is for the hire of pictures, and it would be interesting to know who is responsible for their selection, and whether due care is taken to choose works of art in harmony with the judicial temperament. Of course, the obvious thing would be to provide old engravings of executions, or studies of the importunate widow by old masters, but there is plenty of room for delicate attentions to the individual susceptibilities of the ornaments of our Bench. We can think of one judge who, when he awoke from those slumbers which he legitimately enjoys in bed, would be gratified by the sight of Niobe. Let us hasten to add that the reference is to "Niobe all tears." A number of sporting scenes, the more jovial illustrations of Rabelais, and, of course, a full-length portrait of Robespierre, would arouse undying good-nature in the breast of another; whilst a good likeness of Joe Miller might have a salutary effect upon a third. But we forbear to continue the catalogue until our career of litigation shall finally be closed.

HUFF HER!

A dramatic critic has just divorced his wife for misconduct with a playwright. We wonder what the petitioner will have to say about the co-respondent's next drama.

NAUGHTY!

Jim Crow suggests that we should now publish "the Week's Ches*mut*." Sh!

Don't miss the first instalment of this fascinating story. Buy a copy at once.

THE R.S.P.C.A. AT TRURO.

Though we have a high opinion of the general work of the R.S.P.C.A., we cannot encourage it in its indiscretions. A week or so ago, the inspector at Truro, Mr. C. H. Waters, prosecuted four children "for that they, on June 2nd, at Church Lane, in the parish of St. Mewan, the same day being after the 15th day of March and before August 1st in the same year, did unlawfully, knowingly and wilfully have in their control and possession a certain wild bird, to wit a rook, then taken contrary to the statute made and provided," etc., etc. Another of this gentleman's summonses reads "That you on 2nd June . . . whilst a certain animal, to wit a rook, was in captivity, did cruelly abuse it contrary to the statute," etc., etc. In other words, these kiddies had been throwing stones at a bird and had presumably brought one down. There is a vast deal of cruelty to animals done by children, undoubtedly, but in this instance the parents should have been warned before the summonses were issued. Even the magistrates did not know the close season, nor that all birds are included. How then could these children be expected to know? Standing alone, the case was trivial, and yet the parents, poor labourers earning 18s. a week, had to pay costs amounting to £1 1s. 6d. between them, for the pranks of their thoughtless offspring. It was really a most unjustifiable and oppressive prosecution, though it did "make a case." The R.S.P.C.A. ought to have some regard for reason as well as for humanity.

THAT REVOLUTION!

It is certainly interesting to know that the title of the song which accompanied the bloodthirsty Carmagnole dance was "Madame Veto"—"Madame" being the lovely but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The mob's quarrel with "Monsieur" was, however, because he would not adhere to the Constitution—for we are told:—

Monsieur Veto swore he'd bide
To the constitution true;
But he cast his oath aside,
Teaching us the like to do.

So, after all, history is not exactly repeating itself.

NOISY NIGHTS IN LONDON.

A coffee house manager, indicted at the Surrey Sessions for attempting to cut his throat, attributed his act to insomnia, "due to the noise occasioned by passing motor omnibuses and tramway cars." A doctor would no doubt diagnose an antecedent condition of nerves due to other things. Some people can sleep peacefully domiciled on a railway embankment, others dream blissfully in the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle, while others slumber undisturbed through an earthquake. The fact is, the really healthy man can sleep almost anywhere, except on a clothes line, if his mind and body are in need of sleep.

PROTECTING THE TURF.

The Lawn Tennis courts at Wimbledon are provided with an elaborate system of drainage, a wonderful sea-green mackintosh and other devices for keeping the turf in perfect condition. Considering the enormous revenues derived by racing-clubs, it seems somewhat surprising that this example should not be followed by them. As it is, the lottery of racing is rendered all the more hazardous by the uncertainty of the "going." At one meeting the horses crack their heels on a fair imitation of concrete; at another they have to wallow through a slough of despond. With a little water and a few mackintoshes they might be enabled to compete on real turf all the year round.

HABEAS CORPORA.

Someone has been writing to the papers urging that alcoholic and drug maniacs should be shut up as a matter of course. No doubt many of them are an incessant nuisance to their friends and relations, losing all sense of finance, decency and time, incurring the most reckless and foolish kinds of debt, requiring incessant care and watchfulness, creating scandals wherever they go. But it is difficult to devise any practical remedy for their unhappy condition. The various advertised "cures" and the ruinous "homes" are most of them mere auriferous traps, and the proposed legislation would only bring more flies within their meshes. Moreover, the last remaining safeguards of individual liberty would be abolished, and we should find the harmless occasional toper and the foolish injector of morphia or cocaine hustled off to a kind of penal servitude for life while more cunning maniacs contrived to remain at large.

KEEP ON.

Amongst the many letters of encouragement we have received during our recent troubles, none has appealed to us more than the following, sent from Edgbaston:—

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
An' yer chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin',
An' the prospects awful grim;
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone;
Jest bristle up an' grit yer teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

A PALACE OF DELIGHT.

We are a strange people. Here we are, mopping our brows and grumbling at the tropical weather, when all the time, within easy reach, we Londoners have an ideal retreat—replete with entrancing interest—in the dear old, but now resuscitated, Crystal Palace. Anyone who fails to visit the Festival of Empire, and who misses spending an evening witnessing the Pageant of London—well, he does not deserve to be a Londoner! A more delightful and fascinating spectacle has never been devised by the wit of man; and after this practical illustration of what it is possible to do with the Crystal Palace, it would be nothing short of a calamity if it were ever again allowed to get into the condition of neglect and drowsiness from which the promoters of the present Festival have so patriotically rescued it. Cannot they be persuaded to take it over altogether?

NOT A DECLINING INDUSTRY.

The vicar of St. Paul's Church, Yarmouth, having announced his intention of making a collection for the heathen, has received several anonymous contributions of buttons. "We are still wondering how to use these gifts," he explains in his parish magazine, "as for obvious reasons they are unsuited to the needs of the heathen." Far be it from us to interfere unduly in the altruistic finance of our rev. friend; but our suggestion is that he should solve what to him is apparently a difficult problem by saving the buttons until he has made a collection of trousers.

MERCILESS AND MISCHIEVOUS.

No doubt Mr. Churchill is very arbitrary for a democrat, but we do not share the indignation of the Warwickshire Shallows over his refusal to allow a woman to be prosecuted over again as soon as she emerged from gaol. No doubt people who defraud tradesmen must be punished, but let them be punished once for all. To pass a sentence and then start a fresh prosecution as soon as it has been served is too much like a cat playing with a mouse. It does not accord with British notions of fair play. We do not like it.

Just another reminder—the most fascinating novel of the year—"Fire in Stubble."

LABOUR TROUBLE BREWING.

As we anticipated, trouble is brewing in the Labour Camp—which was inevitable under Ramsay Macdonald's "leadership." Ramsay is essentially a Party man—with a keen eye to the main chance. He is at present separated from the Treasury bench by a very narrow gangway, and it must be exasperating to him to reflect that those two feet of space are just sufficient to deprive him of office and emolument. We should not be surprised if ere long Mr. Snowden and one or two others *push* him over.

"MASTERMAN FOR LONDON."

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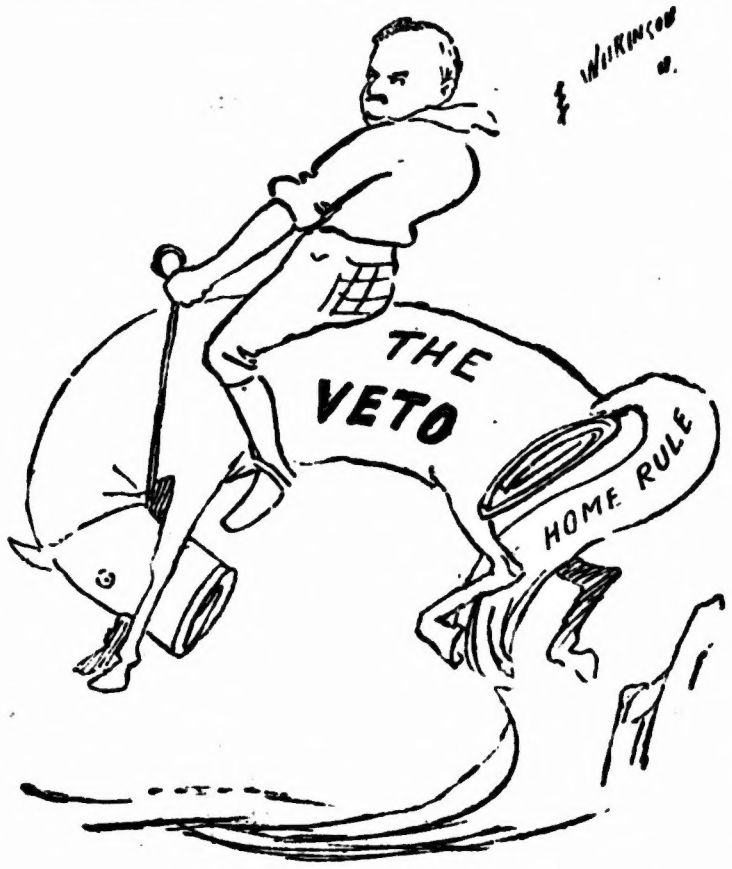

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THE R.S.P.C.A. AT TRURO.

Though we have a high opinion of the general work of the R.S.P.C.A., we cannot encourage it in its indiscretions. A week or so ago, the inspector at Truro, Mr. C. H. Waters, prosecuted four children "for that they, on June 2nd, at Church Lane, in the parish of St. Mewan, the same day being after the 15th day of March and before August 1st in the same year, did unlawfully, knowingly and wilfully have in their control and possession a certain wild bird, to wit a rook, then taken contrary to the statute made and provided," etc., etc. Another of this gentleman's summonses reads "That you on 2nd June . . . whilst a certain animal, to wit a rook, was in captivity, did cruelly abuse it contrary to the statute," etc., etc. In other words, these kiddies had been throwing stones at a bird and had presumably brought one down. There is a vast deal of cruelty to animals done by children, undoubtedly, but in this instance the parents should have been warned before the summonses were issued. Even the magistrates did not know the close season, nor that all birds are included. How then could these children be expected to know? Standing alone, the case was trivial, and yet the parents, poor labourers earning 18s. a week, had to pay costs amounting to £1 1s. 6d. between them, for the pranks of their thoughtless offspring. It was really a most unjustifiable and oppressive prosecution, though it did "make a case." The R.S.P.C.A. ought to have some regard for reason as well as for humanity.

THAT REVOLUTION!

It is certainly interesting to know that the title of the song which accompanied the bloodthirsty Carmagnole dance was "Madame Veto"—"Madame" being the lovely but unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The mob's quarrel with "Monsieur" was, however, because he would not adhere to the Constitution—for we are told:—

Monsieur Veto swore he'd bide
To the constitution true;
But he cast his oath aside,
Teaching us the like to do.

So, after all, history is not exactly repeating itself.

NOISY NIGHTS IN LONDON.

A coffee house manager, indicted at the Surrey Sessions for attempting to cut his throat, attributed his act to insomnia, "due to the noise occasioned by passing motor omnibuses and tramway cars." A doctor would no doubt diagnose an antecedent condition of nerves due to other things. Some people can sleep peacefully domiciled on a railway embankment, others dream blissfully in the neighbourhood of the Elephant and Castle, while others slumber undisturbed through an earthquake. The fact is, the really healthy man can sleep almost anywhere, except on a clothes line, if his mind and body are in need of sleep.

PROTECTING THE TURF.

The Lawn Tennis courts at Wimbledon are provided with an elaborate system of drainage, a wonderful sea-green mackintosh and other devices for keeping the turf in perfect condition. Considering the enormous revenues derived by racing-clubs, it seems somewhat surprising that this example should not be followed by them. As it is, the lottery of racing is rendered all the more hazardous by the uncertainty of the "going." At one meeting the horses crack their heels on a fair imitation of concrete; at another they have to wallow through a slough of despond. With a little water and a few mackintoshes they might be enabled to compete on real turf all the year round.

HABEAS CORPORA.

Someone has been writing to the papers urging that alcoholic and drug maniacs should be shut up as a matter of course. No doubt many of them are an incessant nuisance to their friends and relations, losing all sense of finance, decency and time, incurring the most reckless and foolish kinds of debt, requiring incessant care and watchfulness, creating scandals wherever they go. But it is difficult to devise any practical remedy for their unhappy condition. The various advertised "cures" and the ruinous "homes" are most of them mere auriferous traps, and the proposed legislation would only bring more flies within their meshes. Moreover, the last remaining safeguards of individual liberty would be abolished, and we should find the harmless occasional toper and the foolish injector of morphia or cocaine hustled off to a kind of penal servitude for life while more cunning maniacs contrived to remain at large.

KEEP ON.

Amongst the many letters of encouragement we have received during our recent troubles, none has appealed to us more than the following, sent from Edgbaston:—

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
An' yer chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin',
An' the prospects awful grim;
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone;
Jest bristle up an' grit yer teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

A PALACE OF DELIGHT.

We are a strange people. Here we are, mopping our brows and grumbling at the tropical weather, when all the time, within easy reach, we Londoners have an ideal retreat—replete with entrancing interest—in the dear old, but now resuscitated, Crystal Palace. Anyone who fails to visit the Festival of Empire, and who misses spending an evening witnessing the Pageant of London—well, he does not deserve to be a Londoner! A more delightful and fascinating spectacle has never been devised by the wit of man; and after this practical illustration of what it is possible to do with the Crystal Palace, it would be nothing short of a calamity if it were ever again allowed to get into the condition of neglect and drowsiness from which the promoters of the present Festival have so patriotically rescued it. Cannot they be persuaded to take it over altogether?

NOT A DECLINING INDUSTRY.

The vicar of St. Paul's Church, Yarmouth, having announced his intention of making a collection for the heathen, has received several anonymous contributions of buttons. "We are still wondering how to use these gifts," he explains in his parish magazine, "as for obvious reasons they are unsuited to the needs of the heathen." Far be it from us to interfere unduly in the altruistic finance of our rev. friend; but our suggestion is that he should solve what to him is apparently a difficult problem by saving the buttons until he has made a collection of trousers.

MERCILESS AND MISCHIEVOUS.

No doubt Mr. Churchill is very arbitrary for a democrat, but we do not share the indignation of the Warwickshire Shallows over his refusal to allow a woman to be prosecuted over again as soon as she emerged from gaol. No doubt people who defraud tradesmen must be punished, but let them be punished once for all. To pass a sentence and then start a fresh prosecution as soon as it has been served is too much like a cat playing with a mouse. It does not accord with British notions of fair play. We do not like it.

Just another reminder—the most fascinating novel of the year—"Fire in Stubble."

LABOUR TROUBLE BREWING.

As we anticipated, trouble is brewing in the Labour Camp—which was inevitable under Ramsay Macdonald's "leadership." Ramsay is essentially a Party man—with a keen eye to the main chance. He is at present separated from the Treasury bench by a very narrow gangway, and it must be exasperating to him to reflect that those two feet of space are just sufficient to deprive him of office and emolument. We should not be surprised if ere long Mr. Snowden and one or two others *push* him over.

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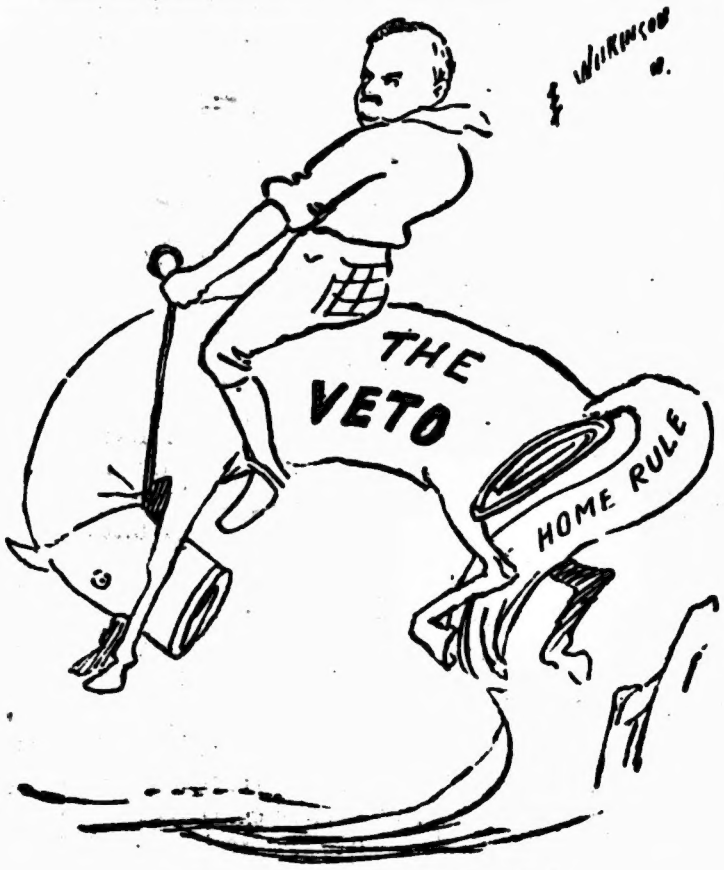

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MR. BOTTOMLEY UNMASKED.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Every man wears a mask—that is the primary condition of civilised society. Only savages and animals are natural. If you would more fully realise this truth, picture to yourself the spectacle of a Zulu Chief in Court uniform, or a bulldog with a top hat. Then you will understand how very ridiculous we look in *their* eyes.

My mask is a cynical indifference to Convention—just as my motto, equally unreal, is "Nothing matters." (Excuse me for not putting it into Latin—this being an English journal.) As a matter of fact, my family crest—for like the smallest wave of the sea, we *have* a crest—has under it these words—*Fortiter*, *Fideliter*, *Feliciter*, which one of my junior clerks tells me implies Strength and Loyalty and Good Humour.

And so behind my cynic's mask who knows but that there may be a very human being? How comes it, then, that I am so much misunderstood? I believe the *Fortiter* is all right, and I vouch for the *Fideliter*—it must be that wretched *Feliciter*. I *will* have my joke! And this is such a serious world! It is all the fault of those Early Christian Fathers, in teaching us that we are here merely on trial for something else, and that every smile means a cross and every groan a good mark against our names in the book of the Recording Angel. If this be the correct view of life, I shudder to think how many gross of pencils she has worn out in my case. I *must* laugh—*except when I am alone*. By "alone" I do not necessarily mean by myself—I am frequently very lonely in a crowd. I mean aloof—out of the cast, off the stage. Would you care to come with me into "the wings"—behind the scenes? Shall I remove the mask? Well, here goes.

Judging from certain family photographs and records, I should describe myself as the somewhat ugly son of a brave and beautiful and brilliant woman—a younger sister of George Jacob Holyoake, the founder of the modern Co-operative movement, the inventor of the word "Secularist" (as distinguished from Atheist) and of "Jingoism" (as distinguished from Patriotism)—and one of the principal pioneers of progress, in its truest sense, during the nineteenth century.

The Conventions of the Law

Omitting unimportant details, I found myself at the age of nineteen, and for five years after, working in the law—for three years as one of the semi-official Shorthand Writers in the Courts. That gave me my first insight into the unreality of Convention. I saw what a lottery the law is, what a farce trial by jury is, how very human judges are, what parrots lawyers are—and, above all, what fools litigants are; and I came to the conclusion that our whole system of jurisprudence was little better than a huge organised hypocrisy.

And of Journalism.

Then I drifted into journalism—which, indeed, had been my first avocation. And here, again, I became impressed with the unreality of things. I found glib penmen writing to order, and docile editors "adapting" their "news" to the party views of their proprietors. And behind it all, there was ever the tacit understanding to toady to the Powers that Be.

Politics—Real and Artificial.

That led me to politics. By accident I became one of the pioneers of the "Local Parliament" craze. We used to play at Parliament, and I revelled in the game. And I thought I would like to go and see the real thing at Westminster; but a few nights in the Gallery convinced me that the actual M.P.'s were much less serious than we were after *our* debates. *We* used to quarrel outside our "House"—*they* used to drink and dine together and play chess!

In the City.

Then I migrated to the City, and as my first two or three companies turned out to be phenomenal successes, I was soon hailed as a "Napoleon of Finance." When later on one or two went wrong, I was called an "Unscrupulous Company Promoter." They were the most sordid, ghastly years of my life—and I was glad to get back to journalism and politics.

Politician and Journalist.

I entered the House and I started John Bull; and for five years I have striven in my own way to do a little good through these two agencies. But all the time I have been a cynic—at least, that is what people say. And yet there are living witnesses that in both capacities I have been quite human—just as I think I was in my City days. Indeed, I often wonder how it comes about that, being such a cynic, I have given away, during the past fifteen years, close upon a quarter of a million sterling. My "good" friends, who go regularly to church, told me I was a fool for my pains. Others said it was a fine advertisement. Others—and they are the only ones who count—said "God bless you." I often read their letters still—but always when I am alone. And I am no cynic then!

A New Role.

And now the trouble began. With faith shaken in the Verities, I became a political and journalistic Iconoclast. Once really behind the scenes, I soon realised the true character of the Party Game, and I could not bring myself to play it. This brought me up against the biggest vested interest in the world. And, as a journalist, I found myself instinctively tilting against almost equally powerful forces—Judges, Magistrates, Banks, Insurance Companies, Emigration Agencies, City Sharks of every kind. I suppose Mr. Labouchere is the only other man who in recent years attempted such a rôle—and people *did* say nasty things about him. But he had been away from the City longer than I have, and it was therefore more difficult to discredit him in that way. Besides, his journal was not for the crowd. It was my "Penny *Truth*" that caused the trouble. And thus I became a marked man. Do you remember that prosecution of two years ago—how I was served with the summons, at the instance of the Treasury, on the day of the Third Reading of the Licensing Bill? That was only an outward and visible sign of what I have had to contend with for the past few years. Don't you think that if I had agreed to "toe the line" I might by this time have been almost as high up the political ladder as, say, Dr. Macnamara, or Mr. McKinnon Wood, or even Mr. Masterman?

A "Business Government."

That is where the Powers that Be have felt it most. My plea for the abolition of the present Party System and the establishment of a Common-Sense Business Government has shaken the present oligarchy to its foundations. Every big vested interest has taken alarm. Just imagine Judges and Magistrates and Ministers of the Crown, Naval and Military Advisers and all other public officials being appointed *on their merits*, without regard to political considerations! Imagine all the sons and fathers-in-law of the two Front Benches having to clear out for men who understand the Business of the nation! Imagine hoary-headed

All your lady friends will be delighted with the new Serial Story

Bankers—mostly churchwardens!—being asked how much money they have that doesn't belong to them! Imagine men attending to their own legal affairs! Imagine even the hypocrisy and cant which masquerade as religion and morality being exposed! It is all too terrible—and the man who would dare lay his hand to such sacrilege must at any cost be suppressed.

A "MERRY ROGUE."

And the best way to suppress a public man is to paint him as a rogue. Then people shrug their shoulders as who should say, "I could, an I would—but I won't," and step across the road when they see him approaching. But here comes in that *Feliciter* again. It is so hard to say unkind things about a man who makes you laugh. Let me tell a true story from the Lobby of the Commons. I was once seen talking jocularly to one of the Nonconformist lights of the House, and when I had gone away a friend of the holy man went up to him and said, "Fancy you talking to that rogue!" "Well," came the reply, "he is such a merry rogue." And so I hope in time to triumph over my calumniators. A man who can make a political Nonconformist laugh need never despair.

THE REAL BOTTOMLEY.

Now would you care to have a peep at the *real* Bottomley? Well, here he is speaking of the memory of his dead friend, and ideal leader of men, Charles Bradlaugh:—

> Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, he has gone. All that was physical of him has long been returned to Mother Earth. It may be that when that is said all is said. I know not—you know not. But I find it hard to believe that all the wonderful forces which went to make up that mighty man have been disintegrated and dissipated in the world of unconscious matter. I find it hard to believe that Nature, so jealous of waste in all else, would be so wanton in destruction of her most precious gifts. Some of you will say that that is a sentiment of a devoted heart rather than of a reasoning brain. So it may be; who shall say? Priests may dogmatise; poets may dream; scientists may grope; philosophers may argue. But we stand to-day in relation to such things just where we stood far away in the ages—where, perhaps, we shall ever stand—bound, Prometheus-like, to the rock of mystery by the chains of our finite vision. No man ever felt the grip and clanging of those chains more than did our friend—but whilst others cried to the priest for deliverance, he trusted in the strength of his own right arm—and he died in the struggle. To-night we mourn him; and though many of you—most of you—are resigned to the belief that he is dead and gone for ever and for ever, still, even you, and all of us, may surely take this comfort to our hearts—that if it should some day prove to be the fact that the almost universal instinct of mankind is right, and that somewhere beyond what we call Death, there be another life—a life where the great and the good receive their reward—then, if in that world there count for righteousness true nobility of character on earth, inviolability of honesty, purity of purpose, and inflexibility of courage—there, high amongst the highest and most honoured amongst the noblest, will be found the majestic soul of brave Charles Bradlaugh.

Now, if he meant that, he cannot really be a very bad man, can he? If he did not mean it, he must indeed be base. I wonder if he did!

And here he is, preaching his political faith to his constituents:—

> No man ever appreciated more than I do the honour of a seat in the Imperial Parliament—and no man ever struggled harder for it. In the darkest days of a stormy life, when everything around looked black and hopeless, I was always borne up by a burning faith that some day it would be my privilege to take an active, and perhaps an honourable, part in the public life of my country. As a boy, returning home from work, I would linger on Westminster Bridge and dream of the day, far off, when I might claim entrance to the wonderful building in which, with all its anomalies and unrealities, are welded, for good or evil, the immediate destinies of the British race. And no words or pen could depict the thousand conflicting emotions which fought within me on that February afternoon in 1906 when for the first time I found the day dreams of my youth a living fact. Up to the present I have had little scope. Coming to Parliament in a cloud of prejudice and suspicion—colliding from the outset with perhaps the strongest vested interest in the world—the Party System—harassed with a thousand personal anxieties, the heritage of a once busy City career, I have yet succeeded in winning the ear, and I believe I may say the goodwill, of the House of Commons, and the personal friendship of many of its distinguished members; and I have at least given South Hackney a Parliamentary individuality which for many years it had lost. . . . To-day my voice is that of one crying in the wilderness. But one day, believe me, it shall ring out loud and clear—bidding you to stop this foolery; warning you to turn your eyes off the horizon and take heed of the storm clouds gathering over your heads: telling you of a new era of government which shall find work for willing hands to do—food and clothing and decent homes for honest folk—work for the strong, succour for the weak, help for the sick; children growing in the morning sun—the old and weary resting in the golden glory of its setting rays. I tell you that these things are well within your grasp, if you will only shake off the sloth of Party stupor, abandon the cant of commonplace and substitute a robust self-reliance for a helpless faith in a mythical and unresponsive State; and if you will make your Parliament, not a museum of puppets and marionettes, but a great national committee, attending to the affairs of the nation as they would to their own—leaving the morals and religious and social habits of the people to the people themselves, giving them just and equal laws, with free scope for their enterprise and their energy, without molestation or inquisitorial interference in either their work or their play, guarding their trade and protecting their liberties, and leaving all else to the silent and mysterious working of the immutable law of human evolution, which neither Governments, nor kings, nor people can divert, or hasten, or retard in its eternal course.

Again, if those sentiments were genuine, I do not think he is, at heart, a bad man. But perhaps they were not!

And here he is at the Albert Hall, at the inaugural meeting of the John Bull League:—

> I do not know how you read the signs of the times. For myself, I think that this country of ours, this Empire of ours, is entering upon a critical period. I think her sway is in its balance. The European nations are thinking what they dare not speak. East is looking West. Demos—the great god of the people—is shaking off his chains, and hungry men and women, conscious only of their sufferings and unable to understand the complicated phenomena of our communal life, are asking why they starve in the midst of plenty. And all this time, the professional politician prattles his party platitudes, and the ponderous professor prates about "political principles." Ladies and gentlemen, do you see the clouds gathering?—do you see "the trail of the curling winds"?—do you hear the distant rumbling? If you do, join the John Bull League.

Seems to ring true, doesn't it?

Well, what is going to happen? Am I destined to become, in my way and my time, a factor for good in the world, or am I to find Convention too strong a foe? Will the big public listen to my appeal, or will it have none of me? In a sentence, shall I, despite all setsback, ultimately "get there"?

We must WAIT and SEE.

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By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Every man wears a mask—that is the primary condition of civilised society. Only savages and animals are natural. If you would more fully realise this truth, picture to yourself the spectacle of a Zulu Chief in Court uniform, or a bulldog with a top hat. Then you will understand how very ridiculous we look in *their* eyes.

My mask is a cynical indifference to Convention—just as my motto, equally unreal, is "Nothing matters." (Excuse me for not putting it into Latin—this being an English journal.) As a matter of fact, my family crest—for like the smallest wave of the sea, we *have* a crest—has under it these words—*Fortiter*, *Fideliter*, *Feliciter*, which one of my junior clerks tells me implies Strength and Loyalty and Good Humour.

And so behind my cynic's mask who knows but that there may be a very human being? How comes it, then, that I am so much misunderstood? I believe the *Fortiter* is all right, and I vouch for the *Fideliter*—it must be that wretched *Feliciter*. I *will* have my joke! And this is such a serious world! It is all the fault of those Early Christian Fathers, in teaching us that we are here merely on trial for something else, and that every smile means a cross and every groan a good mark against our names in the book of the Recording Angel. If this be the correct view of life, I shudder to think how many gross of pencils she has worn out in my case. I *must* laugh—*except when I am alone*. By "alone" I do not necessarily mean by myself—I am frequently very lonely in a crowd. I mean aloof—out of the cast, off the stage. Would you care to come with me into "the wings"—behind the scenes? Shall I remove the mask? Well, here goes.

Judging from certain family photographs and records, I should describe myself as the somewhat ugly son of a brave and beautiful and brilliant woman—a younger sister of George Jacob Holyoake, the founder of the modern Co-operative movement, the inventor of the word "Secularist" (as distinguished from Atheist) and of "Jingoism" (as distinguished from Patriotism)—and one of the principal pioneers of progress, in its truest sense, during the nineteenth century.

The Conventions of the Law

Omitting unimportant details, I found myself at the age of nineteen, and for five years after, working in the law—for three years as one of the semi-official Shorthand Writers in the Courts. That gave me my first insight into the unreality of Convention. I saw what a lottery the law is, what a farce trial by jury is, how very human judges are, what parrots lawyers are—and, above all, what fools litigants are; and I came to the conclusion that our whole system of jurisprudence was little better than a huge organised hypocrisy.

And of Journalism.

Then I drifted into journalism—which, indeed, had been my first avocation. And here, again, I became impressed with the unreality of things. I found glib penmen writing to order, and docile editors "adapting" their "news" to the party views of their proprietors. And behind it all, there was ever the tacit understanding to toady to the Powers that Be.

Politics—Real and Artificial.

That led me to politics. By accident I became one of the pioneers of the "Local Parliament" craze. We used to play at Parliament, and I revelled in the game. And I thought I would like to go and see the real thing at Westminster; but a few nights in the Gallery convinced me that the actual M.P.'s were much less serious than we were after *our* debates. *We* used to quarrel outside our "House"—*they* used to drink and dine together and play chess!

In the City.

Then I migrated to the City, and as my first two or three companies turned out to be phenomenal successes, I was soon hailed as a "Napoleon of Finance." When later on one or two went wrong, I was called an "Unscrupulous Company Promoter." They were the most sordid, ghastly years of my life—and I was glad to get back to journalism and politics.

Politician and Journalist.

I entered the House and I started John Bull; and for five years I have striven in my own way to do a little good through these two agencies. But all the time I have been a cynic—at least, that is what people say. And yet there are living witnesses that in both capacities I have been quite human—just as I think I was in my City days. Indeed, I often wonder how it comes about that, being such a cynic, I have given away, during the past fifteen years, close upon a quarter of a million sterling. My "good" friends, who go regularly to church, told me I was a fool for my pains. Others said it was a fine advertisement. Others—and they are the only ones who count—said "God bless you." I often read their letters still—but always when I am alone. And I am no cynic then!

A New Role.

And now the trouble began. With faith shaken in the Verities, I became a political and journalistic Iconoclast. Once really behind the scenes, I soon realised the true character of the Party Game, and I could not bring myself to play it. This brought me up against the biggest vested interest in the world. And, as a journalist, I found myself instinctively tilting against almost equally powerful forces—Judges, Magistrates, Banks, Insurance Companies, Emigration Agencies, City Sharks of every kind. I suppose Mr. Labouchere is the only other man who in recent years attempted such a rôle—and people *did* say nasty things about him. But he had been away from the City longer than I have, and it was therefore more difficult to discredit him in that way. Besides, his journal was not for the crowd. It was my "Penny *Truth*" that caused the trouble. And thus I became a marked man. Do you remember that prosecution of two years ago—how I was served with the summons, at the instance of the Treasury, on the day of the Third Reading of the Licensing Bill? That was only an outward and visible sign of what I have had to contend with for the past few years. Don't you think that if I had agreed to "toe the line" I might by this time have been almost as high up the political ladder as, say, Dr. Macnamara, or Mr. McKinnon Wood, or even Mr. Masterman?

A "Business Government."

That is where the Powers that Be have felt it most. My plea for the abolition of the present Party System and the establishment of a Common-Sense Business Government has shaken the present oligarchy to its foundations. Every big vested interest has taken alarm. Just imagine Judges and Magistrates and Ministers of the Crown, Naval and Military Advisers and all other public officials being appointed *on their merits*, without regard to political considerations! Imagine all the sons and fathers-in-law of the two Front Benches having to clear out for men who understand the Business of the nation! Imagine hoary-headed

All your lady friends will be delighted with the new Serial Story

Bankers—mostly churchwardens!—being asked how much money they have that doesn't belong to them! Imagine men attending to their own legal affairs! Imagine even the hypocrisy and cant which masquerade as religion and morality being exposed! It is all too terrible—and the man who would dare lay his hand to such sacrilege must at any cost be suppressed.

A "MERRY ROGUE."

And the best way to suppress a public man is to paint him as a rogue. Then people shrug their shoulders as who should say, "I could, an I would—but I won't," and step across the road when they see him approaching. But here comes in that *Feliciter* again. It is so hard to say unkind things about a man who makes you laugh. Let me tell a true story from the Lobby of the Commons. I was once seen talking jocularly to one of the Nonconformist lights of the House, and when I had gone away a friend of the holy man went up to him and said, "Fancy you talking to that rogue!" "Well," came the reply, "he is such a merry rogue." And so I hope in time to triumph over my calumniators. A man who can make a political Nonconformist laugh need never despair.

THE REAL BOTTOMLEY.

Now would you care to have a peep at the *real* Bottomley? Well, here he is speaking of the memory of his dead friend, and ideal leader of men, Charles Bradlaugh:—

> Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, he has gone. All that was physical of him has long been returned to Mother Earth. It may be that when that is said all is said. I know not—you know not. But I find it hard to believe that all the wonderful forces which went to make up that mighty man have been disintegrated and dissipated in the world of unconscious matter. I find it hard to believe that Nature, so jealous of waste in all else, would be so wanton in destruction of her most precious gifts. Some of you will say that that is a sentiment of a devoted heart rather than of a reasoning brain. So it may be; who shall say? Priests may dogmatise; poets may dream; scientists may grope; philosophers may argue. But we stand to-day in relation to such things just where we stood far away in the ages—where, perhaps, we shall ever stand—bound, Prometheus-like, to the rock of mystery by the chains of our finite vision. No man ever felt the grip and clanging of those chains more than did our friend—but whilst others cried to the priest for deliverance, he trusted in the strength of his own right arm—and he died in the struggle. To-night we mourn him; and though many of you—most of you—are resigned to the belief that he is dead and gone for ever and for ever, still, even you, and all of us, may surely take this comfort to our hearts—that if it should some day prove to be the fact that the almost universal instinct of mankind is right, and that somewhere beyond what we call Death, there be another life—a life where the great and the good receive their reward—then, if in that world there count for righteousness true nobility of character on earth, inviolability of honesty, purity of purpose, and inflexibility of courage—there, high amongst the highest and most honoured amongst the noblest, will be found the majestic soul of brave Charles Bradlaugh.

Now, if he meant that, he cannot really be a very bad man, can he? If he did not mean it, he must indeed be base. I wonder if he did!

And here he is, preaching his political faith to his constituents:—

> No man ever appreciated more than I do the honour of a seat in the Imperial Parliament—and no man ever struggled harder for it. In the darkest days of a stormy life, when everything around looked black and hopeless, I was always borne up by a burning faith that some day it would be my privilege to take an active, and perhaps an honourable, part in the public life of my country. As a boy, returning home from work, I would linger on Westminster Bridge and dream of the day, far off, when I might claim entrance to the wonderful building in which, with all its anomalies and unrealities, are welded, for good or evil, the immediate destinies of the British race. And no words or pen could depict the thousand conflicting emotions which fought within me on that February afternoon in 1906 when for the first time I found the day dreams of my youth a living fact. Up to the present I have had little scope. Coming to Parliament in a cloud of prejudice and suspicion—colliding from the outset with perhaps the strongest vested interest in the world—the Party System—harassed with a thousand personal anxieties, the heritage of a once busy City career, I have yet succeeded in winning the ear, and I believe I may say the goodwill, of the House of Commons, and the personal friendship of many of its distinguished members; and I have at least given South Hackney a Parliamentary individuality which for many years it had lost. . . . To-day my voice is that of one crying in the wilderness. But one day, believe me, it shall ring out loud and clear—bidding you to stop this foolery; warning you to turn your eyes off the horizon and take heed of the storm clouds gathering over your heads: telling you of a new era of government which shall find work for willing hands to do—food and clothing and decent homes for honest folk—work for the strong, succour for the weak, help for the sick; children growing in the morning sun—the old and weary resting in the golden glory of its setting rays. I tell you that these things are well within your grasp, if you will only shake off the sloth of Party stupor, abandon the cant of commonplace and substitute a robust self-reliance for a helpless faith in a mythical and unresponsive State; and if you will make your Parliament, not a museum of puppets and marionettes, but a great national committee, attending to the affairs of the nation as they would to their own—leaving the morals and religious and social habits of the people to the people themselves, giving them just and equal laws, with free scope for their enterprise and their energy, without molestation or inquisitorial interference in either their work or their play, guarding their trade and protecting their liberties, and leaving all else to the silent and mysterious working of the immutable law of human evolution, which neither Governments, nor kings, nor people can divert, or hasten, or retard in its eternal course.

Again, if those sentiments were genuine, I do not think he is, at heart, a bad man. But perhaps they were not!

And here he is at the Albert Hall, at the inaugural meeting of the John Bull League:—

> I do not know how you read the signs of the times. For myself, I think that this country of ours, this Empire of ours, is entering upon a critical period. I think her sway is in its balance. The European nations are thinking what they dare not speak. East is looking West. Demos—the great god of the people—is shaking off his chains, and hungry men and women, conscious only of their sufferings and unable to understand the complicated phenomena of our communal life, are asking why they starve in the midst of plenty. And all this time, the professional politician prattles his party platitudes, and the ponderous professor prates about "political principles." Ladies and gentlemen, do you see the clouds gathering?—do you see "the trail of the curling winds"?—do you hear the distant rumbling? If you do, join the John Bull League.

Seems to ring true, doesn't it?

Well, what is going to happen? Am I destined to become, in my way and my time, a factor for good in the world, or am I to find Convention too strong a foe? Will the big public listen to my appeal, or will it have none of me? In a sentence, shall I, despite all setsback, ultimately "get there"?

We must WAIT and SEE.

By Baroness Orczy, commencing in this week's "Mrs. Bull." Buy a copy for them.

A CHELSEA FREAK.

THE LATEST INTRODUCTION SCHEME.

There seems to be no limit to new schemes and schemers. Here is the latest. We print the letter as it is typed :—

32, South Parade,
Chelsea, S.W.
May 24th, 1911.

SIR,—One of my consultants,—a very large and constantly increasing circle of ladies, who have taken my advice on all Housekeeping matters for Years,—writes me, that she had "some very good eggs" from you, at 1s. 9d. a dozen, carriage paid,"—she is "sure I would like to know of these, as the price of eggs in Town is sure to be increased with the great demand this Season."

Ladies often tell me of anything they find specially good, knowing I have practically UNLIMITED opportunities of introducing anything *really good* to Housemistresses, who know they can *rely* on *my* only advising them of anything from my *Personal* experience of its quality,—hence their preference for my *few* praises over those bestowed on everything, and their asking my opinion of things read of in papers, with which I have no connection. Though I know my correspondent would not have told Me of your Eggs, had she not good cause to be pleased with them,—I cannot pass on her opinion as my Own, but if you will send me some, and I find them as I hope, I will then, with pleasure recommend their purchase from my own knowledge of their freshness, and other good qualities, moderate price would certainly be one of these.

If you read the passage marked, in the Leaflet, on Fish I am sending you will see *my ideas on the subject of dealing direct* with the producer, and the quotations from the leading papers will show you, that there is good reason for the faith placed in any recommendations, by my consultants, and the public in general, more especially the upper classes of this, and, though these do not mind paying *good prices*, for *good things*, *if* these can be obtained at less than "extra" London prices, it is a welcome economy, where there are large families and numerous servants.—

Yours faithfully, CORALIE DE LORRAINE.

One of our readers who received this letter found several enclosures, one being a leaflet which set forth, as the writer said, all that people thought about her. We quote a couple of these opinions :—

The "TIMES" says :—

> The Princess of Wales (now Queen) and Madame de Lorraine, of "Le Follet," are unquestionably *the two* ladies who have more influence over Dress and Fashion than any others.

The "MORNING POST" says :—

> Among the higher classes "Le Follet" has long been recognised as the *Autocrat of Fashion.*

As we desired to ascertain when these paragraphs were inserted in the well-known papers mentioned, we wrote to the lady, and asked her to supply us with the dates on which they appeared. We were not surprised in any way when we failed to get the information we required. On July 8th Madame Lorraine wrote us a long letter, from which we take the following quotation :—

> What you ask me to do—give you the dates of the press cuttings—might take me months. I should have to look through several boxes of papers of importance in three houses, town, Kent, and Sussex. In each of these there are numerous papers of ruin, social or otherwise, among them some confidential letters to me. I cannot therefore depute anyone to go through them for me.

Um—yes.

We have formed our own opinion of the genuineness of these remarkable testimonials, and have no doubt that our readers are competent to do the same.

"MERSEY IMPOSITION ON THE KING AND QUEEN."

We have received a letter from the "Rev." Lloyd Jones. Naturally he is very indignant at our strictures. Strange to relate, however, he avoids the main point of our attack, and merely takes exception to our statement that some years ago he worked as a joiner in Cardiff. As a matter of fact, we only mentioned this detail in justice to the "Rev." charitymonger—to show that at one time in his career he did earn an honest livelihood ; it was the one redeeming point in a life of bluff. He challenges us to prove our statement. Well, we are quite prepared to do it. Will the "Rev." cadger issue a writ for libel ?

PULLING THE "CHRONICLE'S" LEG.

"WHITEWASHING" A CHILDREN'S "HOME."

The latest addition to the Whitewashers is the *Daily Chronicle*. Under our title of the "Unwanted Child," it has made an attempt to whitewash Mrs. Ransome Wallis, the founder of "The Haven for Homeless Little Ones." It will be remembered that in our issues of June 10th and 17th, we denounced in the strongest terms the management of this establishment, in spite of the fact that Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, was one of its Vice-Presidents. Here are a few of the *Chronicle's* statements, in an article published on July 10th :—

> Women like Mrs. Ransome Wallis are amongst those great spirits of the age who are baffled to fight better, who care but little for lying, slander and malice, and going on with their immense work of salvation, remember the eternal consolation, "So persecuted they the prophets who were before you."
>
> Mrs. Ransome Wallis, who has devoted her life to rescue work, suggested that the time had come for the State to bear a hand in this great national problem (the provision of homes for illegitimate children) . . . Mrs. Wallis does not ask the State to handle this grave matter, but asks that it should contribute to the burden of expense.

Then here is a choice tit-bit from an interview with that lady :—

> We can stand abuse and slander ; the happiness of children in our care makes that easy enough ; but, I tell you, it tears the very heart out of one to say to some harried and terrified girl, "We have got no room for you ; we can't afford to take you."

Now for a final daub of the whitewash brush :—

> She (Mrs. Wallis) is one of those women who exalt our notion of the English race, who take out of the mouth the taste of morbid fiction and sensational journalism.

Doubtless the *Chronicle* imagines, in its simplicity, that it has covered up all Mrs. Wallis's shortcomings. No doubt that good lady will have these articles of her whitewasher published in pamphlet form. Then they can be used to draw in subscriptions. In the meantime what we have said, we have said. Mrs. Ransome Wallis uses her house at Croydon as a decoy for getting in subscriptions from the public. She does not take any babies into her Home, but places them out to nurse with foster mothers, many of whom have a great difficulty in getting payment from her, although the amount is only five shillings weekly. The maintenance of children in her Home at Croydon costs per head nearly three times this sum weekly. Finally, Mrs. Ransome Wallis was prosecuted by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children about 12 months ago, and fined the maximum penalty for neglecting, ill-using and exposing a child.

No whitewash, however thick it may be, and whoever lays it on, can cover up the facts with reference to Mrs. Ransome Wallis, her "Home," and her connection with the Wilesmith case, which have been published in the columns of JOHN BULL.

We are unaware as to who was responsible for keeping her name out of that horrible cruelty case at Worcester, but once we found out where the child Florence Pastorfield came from, before she was adopted by the virago Mrs. Wilesmith, we promptly gave that name the publicity it deserved.

We may have something more to say about Mrs. Wallis and her "Home" at a future date.

THE ADAM FUND.

We have received a letter from Mr. Ronald Adam, who resigned his situation at the Akbar Reformatory in order to expose the cruelties perpetrated there, in which he says that, being now out of difficulties, he thinks it only right to ask us to close the fund for his benefit. He and his wife will "struggle through," and if they "succeed in obtaining a change in the Reformatory system in this country, then a noble work will have been accomplished." Mr. Adam adds he cannot adequately express his gratitude for the kindness he has received from the readers of JOHN BULL and the paper itself—"the only newspaper in the country having grit enough to expose the barbarities practised upon England's poorest sons."

Say to your Newsagent: "Send me a 'Mrs. Bull' with my copy of 'John.'"

A NICE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

A CASE FOR MR. CHURCHILL'S INTERVENTION.

The employer of Philip Stibbe, a lad of sixteen, has asked our aid in bringing prominently before the public the fact that so young a boy has been sentenced at the Tottenham Police Court to three months' hard labour for stealing £2 10s. from his brother. Stibbe, his master says, had worked for him for six months, during which time he had been entrusted with a good deal of money, and nothing whatever had been lost. The £2 10s. taken was, it is said, not money belonging to the lad's brother—and the mother, by pawning almost all her worldly possessions, has managed to replace the amount. She did not attend the Court at the hearing on June 21st, as she was ill and, from a visit she received from an official, she understood that the lad would be sent to a home. As a matter of fact, she is still unaware that he has been sent to prison, the news being kept from her owing to her continued serious illness. The lad's old employer assures us that he would be only too pleased to take him back at any time—and it certainly speaks volumes for the boy that his master should be taking all the trouble he is to secure his release. It seems a great pity that he should have been branded as a jail-bird. We certainly think it a case for the intervention of the Home Office.

And the lad's birthday was on June 22nd!

"TELEPHONE 'EXCESS' CALLS."

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN A CORNER.

We constantly let the cat out of the bag, much to the discomfiture of the authorities. Our latest exposure of the method of registration of telephone calls was the subject of questions in the House of Commons on the 13th. Mr. Crawshay-Williams asked the Postmaster-General "whether the registration of calls on the telephone exchanges are absolutely automatic, or whether such calls are recorded by the authorities; and what guarantees subscribers had as to the correctness of the number of calls registered." Mr. Herbert Samuel had to admit the accuracy of our statement that the registration was effected by the operators, but added that he had under consideration a new automatic register.

Further questioned by the Mr. Crawshay-Williams, as to whether some of the operators were in the habit of taking their revenge on impolite subscribers, the Postmaster-General characteristically replied, "I have seen that stated in the newspaper article, but I have not heard it from any other source and have no reason to believe that there is any truth in it. I will, however, make enquiries."

Oh these official replies! Does the Postmaster-General imagine for a moment that a telephone operator is going to be such a fool as to tell him that she "gets her own back"? Our information came from an ex-operator, and if the Postmaster-General would like sworn testimony on that point we shall be pleased to supply him with it.

"JOHN BULL" COAL CLUB.

The Club has completed its first year with, as far as can be judged, almost universal satisfaction. Certain lessons have been learned, certain alterations and improvements adopted, and the second year commences under most favourable conditions. During the first year, members of the Club have paid 2s. to 5s. per ton less for their coal in comparison with the fluctuating prices of merchants. It will be remembered that no additional charge is made during the winter months. Prices, which will be quoted on application, are the same in spring, summer, autumn and winter—a great boon to householders. The Club has been compelled to remove to larger and more commodious premises, and it is advisable for old members to renew and prospective members to apply for membership speedily, as the number must be limited. Full particulars and Price List will be supplied on application to the Manager, "John Bull" Coal Club, 149, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (Telephone: Avenue 143.)

HARSHNESS ON HIRE.

A WARNING AGAINST SECOND-RATE FIRMS.

The hire-furnishing system may often be very convenient to people setting up house on slender purses, but we should advise them to make a few investigations first and assure themselves that they are dealing with a decent firm.

Here is a case in point. One of our correspondents entered into an agreement, in August, 1908, with a Birmingham Furnishing Company for household goods to the value of £18 17s. By the middle of last May he had paid them not less than £18, but having been out of employment for some weeks and being in expectation of an addition to his family, he fell into arrears. Imagine then his feelings when he came home on Friday, May 19th—a very black Friday it must have seemed to him—and found that the firm had sent to demand not only the balance of 17s., but also 18s. expenses, and as this sum was not immediately forthcoming, had taken away all his goods, regardless of the fact that £18 had been paid in instalments. With great difficulty he contrived to scrape together the 35s., and went round to the office that same evening; but two applications were in vain, and he began to think that the Furnishing Company intended to enforce the letter of the agreement and leave him without a stick.

"My head was in a whirl," he exclaims. "What could I do for my wife? Thanks to a neighbour's kindness, her bed was completed. She gave birth to a son the next day, Saturday, May 20th. Upon hearing of my trouble a friend, with the assistance of a leading gentleman in the district, approached the firm, with the result that I could have the goods back again upon payment of a further 10s. Well, with a struggle I paid the £2 5s., and then they kindly (?) let me have my furniture back."

We agree with our correspondent that it is to be hoped his experience will act as a salutary warning to others. Meanwhile we think some alteration should be made in the law to prevent hard and unconscionable bargains of this kind. At any rate, people ought to have ample warning before being subject to violent distraint of this kind. The only remedy at the moment is, as we say, to deal with the best firms—such as the Midland, the Hackney Furnishing Company, or Wolfe & Hollander.

LETTERS WE HOPE TO RECEIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL."

SIR,—The heavy charge which my Insurance Bill will entail upon the Exchequer has caused me to cast around for fresh sources of revenue, and I take this opportunity to thank you for the valuable suggestions you have made to me from time to time in the House of Commons and in the columns of JOHN BULL. These suggestions, which, when placed before me, I have, for party reasons, affected to ignore, and even ridicule, I have, nevertheless, carefully noted; and you will be pleased to hear that it is my intention to give effect to some of them in my next Budget.

I have decided, for example, to take possession of all dormant bank balances, the result of careful and secret inquiries having been to confirm your estimate of the vast sums lying idle in the coffers of the banks throughout the country.

I have also decided to impose a small tax on all speculative Stock Exchange transactions, theatre tickets (excepting pit and gallery), mineral waters, and betting tickets.

By these means I hope to be able to raise the enormous sum that will be required for the Navy, the Army, Old Age Pensions, and National Insurance, without resorting to either the suspension of the Sinking Fund or an increase of the Income Tax.

I am sending you this information in good time, so that in case there should be a General Election between now and March, you may conscientiously advise your readers and all members of the John Bull League to support the Government, and thus give legislative effect to the financial ideas you have so long advocated.—Yours truly,

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

Next Week—"MR. BOTTOMLEY'S INTENTIONS."

"I want to read Baroness Orczy's splendid new Story every week."

MASTERMAN INSULTS BETHNAL GREEN.

HOW THE UNDER-SECRETARY DISSEMBLES HIS LOVE.

BY ONE OF THE CANAILLE.

There are still a few people who, when they hear the name of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman; ex-M.P. for West Ham, North, say: "Masterman? I seem to have heard that name before. But who *is* he? What has he *done?*"

To settle the matter once for all, I will give you a few extracts from one of his books, called "From the Abyss." This course is also desirable because Mr. Masterman is putting up for election in Bethnal Green—and it is only fitting that the people should be fully acquainted with his views.

It must be premised that he is a Home Office genius. You will never understand his book unless you look at it in this light. Here, for example, is a quotation. Mr. Masterman is describing the slums of London, which give the title to the book, and he says: "At night the inhabitants lie *vertical*, piled close together for warmth" (p.30). I thought this funny at first. Thomas Carlyle discovered that the people in the French Revolution used to "lie horizontal," but Mr. C. F. G. M. has found out that we of the slums sleep together upright, like umbrellas in a stand—and that is how they *lie*.

And he is right. I saw several men in Whitechapel sleepily propping up a coffee-tavern the other night. And are there not dozing third-class strap-hangers in the late trains? As for myself, I have been unable to sleep in bed for several nights past, by reason of the heat, and have actually found myself walking about dozing. It *is* so.

Again, on p. 37, in a fine passage, he chants thus:—"Only sometimes when the sun strikes downward at the ending of the day, in the silent spaciousness of night ——" The beauty of the word-music here may blind us to the writer's marvellous insight. Previously, I always thought it was noon when the sun struck *downwards*, but *he* says it's night. Of course, he is speaking of the Abyss, the slums of London, where it is always dark. It takes a Home Office genius to see the sun striking downwards in the silent spaciousness of the night. Hereafter, he may tell us of the sun striking upwards at noon, or striking N.N.W. at 5.30, or going on strike altogether. An ordinary junior reporter might lose his job for alleging that East-enders lie vertical in the midnight sun. But common people cannot make us see these things as *he* can.

Again (p. 86): "The heavy tramp of the policeman and the flashing lantern *stimulates* the departure of the last relics." Of course; and so would *you* run away, too, if you were to hear a lantern tramp. He could not have been speaking of two different things, you see, or he would have said "stimulate."

Moreover (p. 26): "A picture in which the waste and scattering and crushing out of the possibilities of life in the ordinary undistinguished multitude will, to the eyes of the future, thrust a black smudge across the background of the civilization of the twentieth century, softening the loud plaudits of its contemporary acclaimers into a minor melody."

It takes a great writer to see a smudge so thrust across the background of a picture in the future as to soften present applause into a melody. He alone knows how a smudge can turn a shout into a song.

Let me quote some thrilling pieces of description:—

"In the Abyss public opinion is indifferent or wearily tolerant. . . . A murder rouses a transitory interest, but little condemnation" (p. 66).

"We do not greatly concern ourselves if our neighbours knife each other in the dark" (p. 67).

"The fight is a welcome refuge from ennui. Fathers and mothers gather round, encouraging the combatants with grunts of approval and animal-like cries" (p. 67).

After mentioning "BETHNAL GREEN issuing challenges and declaring war against Whitechapel or Westminster," he continues—

"Fair play is an instinct not naturally acquired in a London street combat. . . . A hero discovers a board still containing projecting nails. It proves a deadly and enviable weapon. A counter-hero on the other side commandeers cut glass from a broken window. With blood once flowing the more commonplace knife or skewer appears; and hence grievous bodily injury, and not infrequently murder" (p. 68).

"The 'gangs' unite, march down Whitechapel Road or Borough High Street, openly exacting toll of their victims."

"Once more you must remember popular opinion; though indifferent, if anything, inclines to the side of the hooligans. This is the crux of the whole matter. So long as they themselves are undisturbed, our workers do not put themselves out to prevent outrages on men in top hats. Whether the hooligans kill each other or kill stray citizens is much the same to us" (p. 69).

"A few wearied women saunter by, some seeking husbands, others endeavouring to steer their tottering companions in zigzag progression" (p. 85). (Fancy how they steer zigzag and saunter at the same time!)

"There a girl is piloting homeward a forlorn and drink-sodden wreck who appears to have been her mother" (p. 85) (but, of course, is her mother no longer).

"Up the road a group of factory girls, roaring out meaningless expletives, are staggering along the footways."

I might quote more, but these extracts will be enough to show the writer's refinement of style and marvellous knowledge of London life. Personally, I confess that, although I am a Londoner, I have never seen a factory girl drunk, nor a fight with pieces of broken window-glass, nor was I aware that our workers in the Abyss are indifferent to or somewhat sympathetic with crime, nor yet have I seen gangs of plunderers openly exacting toll in the Whitechapel Road. But if Mr. Masterman states that all this *is* so, well, he ought to know.

Let me conclude with one more quotation from this brilliant book: "Inquiring for new ideas or suggestions fertile for the future, no one but a maniac would burrow in the block dwellings of London" (p. 20).

Of course. If we want new ideas or fertile suggestions we must go to the other end of the social scale. Can any good come out of Shoreditch? A person who has the misfortune to be born in a block building, or in a stable, cannot possibly have any new ideas or fertile suggestions for the future. These are the exclusive birthright of superior persons born in a mansion, educated at Cambridge, and destined by superior station and influence to attain the rank of Cabinet Ministers. All that is expected from us, the *canaille* of Hoxton and Bethnal Green, and all that is required at our hands, is that we elect the superior persons who write in their own grammar the immortal books about us, and that we quietly pay taxes for their keep.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

July 25th.—THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

"And am I doomed to end my days
In opposition's shade so chilly,
Because this mad, reforming craze
Has driven the electors silly?
Am I no more to grasp the reins
Of Government, and boss the nation?
The horrid, gloomy thought contains
Much matter for exasperation.

"Alas, my birthdays come and go
(An observation rather clever);
But, to my deep and lasting woe,
The Government goes on for ever!
The pendulum that swung of yore
Appears to be bereft of motion,
And how my party to restore
To power I've not the faintest notion.

"It seems—for age comes creeping on—
(Oh, how that thought my bosom wrenches!)
I'm doomed to end my days upon
The beastly Opposition benches;
No glad returns desire for me
('Twere too ironic at this hour),
My only 'glad return' would be
My swift return to place and power!"

The demand for "Mrs. Bull," containing Baroness Orczy's new Serial is enormous.

ANOTHER PLEA FOR INSURANCE AGENTS.

THEIR TRIALS AND WORRIES.

BY ONE OF THEM.

I served for upwards of 15 months in the capacity of an Insurance Agent, and during that period gained an insight into the various schemes of underhanded and treacherous work which is carried on among Insurance Companies. The company I had the misfortune of serving was not the Prudential, but from information I received from Agents serving in various companies there appears to be very little to choose between them.

Agents have to cover lapsed business under 5 years old, which is a great injustice. The Superintendent is continually nagging at them for getting poor collections and increases. The book I had to collect had a debit of £5 on it, and I was only allowed the paltry sum of 18s.a week for collecting it. I had, moreover, to collect on an average £4 10s. before I could claim this amount, and if I managed to collect the full debit (which I very seldom did) then there was an allowance made of 20 per cent. extra. But this is only one side of the question. During the greater part of my 15 months' experience my weekly earnings generally ran on an average from 13s. to 15s. One reason for this is that the poor unfortunate Agent is obliged to pay in for several of his poorer policy-holders who don't happen to be in a position to pay regularly, otherwise there is a great cry at the office when you present your book and collections. Naturally enough, the better the collections, the better it is for the collector, but the Superintendent does not look at it in this light. I often paid for some of my policy-holders, but, unfortunately, in many cases I never saw the money again.

I have explained the reason of my poor collections to the Superintendent, but all the explanations in the world would not satisfy him. Periodically they send an Assistant Superintendent around to see if the collections cannot be greatly improved, and also to get more new business. Well, in all my 15 months' experience neither the Superintendent or his Assistant collected anything near the debit, and as for new business they have done very little, chiefly putting on old business that had been previously on the books but which bad times had caused to lapse.

The Assistant Superintendent has to get from 2s. 9d. to 3s. of new business every week. I have known him to be in such a state of mind at not being able to get any one to insure that he has been compelled to resort to putting on any sort of business. Again, some of the poorer class of policy-holders who are not up to the tricks-of-the-trade, so to speak, are very easily taken in by the very plausible yarns of the Superintendents.

The Assistant Superintendent, of course, gets a living wage to exist upon, and it generally runs from 25s. to 35s. per week.

I have met one or two exceptionally fine fellows in the Insurance business and who, like myself, were obliged to do this kind of work. I remember one, a single man, having to draw from his small banking account (which he had so carefully saved when he was in good employment), in order to pay for his lodgings at the end of the week. The poor fellow many a week drew only 13s.; and he was so worried that I thought every time I met him he would do something very rash to himself. However, he eventually got his notice, simply because his arrears were over three times. Of course, this was not the stated cause of his being dismissed. He was good enough to write to the Chief Office on behalf of a fellow-collector who was treated shockingly by the Superintendent.

Another thing I might mention is that one is liable to become after a time in the habit of doing all one's work in a very unscrupulous manner in order to make ends meet, unless, of course, one is possessed of a great will power which prevents oneself falling into such habits.

Another unscrupulous action that is carried on in the Superintendent's office (at least this was the case in the Superintendent's office where I was employed) is that of officials dictating letters to be sent as from the Chief Office in London to Agents, which they apparently think has the desired effect of rousing the poor Agent to a still greater pitch of worry and anxiety.

HUMAN DOCUMENT—CLI.

A DISABLED BOOTMAKER NEEDS HELP.

Assistance is badly needed in the case detailed below, and no words of ours are requisite to direct the attention of generous readers to its worthiness. We shall be very pleased to forward any sums of money which may be sent for the benefit of the man and his family.

A bootmaker, married, with six children (the eldest a girl of fifteen, earning 5s. a week), three months ago slipped and fell in the street through treading on a piece of banana skin, severely injuring the thumb of his right hand. He has been unable to work since, and is still attending St. Bartholomew's Hospital. For some time he received 5s. a week from his shop club, but this allowance has now stopped. He is a respectable, sober man (teetotaler); there is over £5 rent owing, and his wife cannot get any work. There is no parish relief.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CXLVIII.—"A. C. G. W.," 30s.
CXLIX.—A. M., 1s. 6d.; M. G., 1s.
CL.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.

DULL DOGS.

BY W. M.

The old women with whiskers who, by some caprice of an ironic fate, pose as the City Fathers of Eastbourne, are so elated with their success in passing a by-law making the barking of dogs on the beach a punishable offence, that, we are given to understand, they are anxious to continue their crusade against unnecessary noises. To this end they are said to be drafting the following series of by-laws:—

WHEREAS the chirruping of sparrows and the crying of seagulls on the sea front during the performances of the Corporation Band interfere with the due enjoyment of the music emitted by the said Band, any person or persons found permitting, inducing, or otherwise encouraging the said chirruping and crying, will be liable to a fine of forty shillings.

WHEREAS the sound of waves breaking on the beach at high tide detracts from the proper appreciation of the music discoursed by the Corporation Band, any person or persons detected in the act of encouraging or abetting the said waves in the production of the said sound when breaking on the said beach in the manner and at the time as aforesaid, will be liable to a fine of forty shillings.

WHEREAS the sound of the wind blowing on the sea front distracts the attention of visitors desirous of listening to the strains of the Corporation Band, any person or persons detected in the act of aiding or permitting the said wind to blow on the sea front as aforesaid, will be liable to a fine of forty shillings.

WHEREAS the noise of the grass growing in the vicinity of the Corporation Band Stand hinders the enjoyment of the music produced by the Corporation Band playing on the said band stand, any person or persons found encouraging or acquiescing in the production of the said sound by the said grass will be liable to a fine of forty shillings.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A WHOLESALE ORDER.

[*Upon the Earl of Rosebery has been conferred the dignities of Baron, Viscount, and Earl of the United Kingdom.*]

"'Five hundred Peerages!' If that's the cry
That you, dear Asquith, go to mart with,"
Said Rosebery, "You'd better put me down
For three of them to make a start with!"

WHERE AMERICA STILL LEADS.

[*In the athletic contest, Oxford and Cambridge v. Harvard and Yale, Putnam, of Oxford, put up a fine performance in throwing the hammer, beating the American competitors.*]

At throwing the hammer our champion won,
His record no Yankee could match it;
But at drawing the long-bow our cousins still lead,
And also in slinging the hatchet! RICARDO.

Give your Newsagent an order to deliver it weekly with your other paper.—*Verb. sap.*

STATE INSURANCE.

THE REAL POSITION OF THE POST OFFICE CONTRIBUTORS.

BY T. GOOD.

(We must not be taken as identifying ourselves with all the statements of our contributor.)

There is one highly objectionable feature of Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill which seems to have escaped notice, and this is no detail, but a cardinal principle of the main scheme. Broadly, the proposal is to divide the insured into two separate and distinct classes. In one class there would be all the members of "approved" friendly societies. In the other class there would be all the Post Office contributors—those unable or unwilling to become members of the approved societies, and those who, having been members of such societies, have failed to keep up their contributions. Now, see what this would mean in a scheme under which every insured person would have a card subject to inspection by employers, doctors, public health authorities, and Government officials. Not only is the proposed scale of benefits grossly unjust to the Post Office contributors, compared with those suggested for the approved society members, but by this division of our people into sheep and goats we should be inflicting unwarranted and undeserved indignity upon millions of our self-respecting workmen; we should, in many cases, be subsidising the strong and the fortunate from the proceeds of a tax on the weak and the unfortunate; and, in not a few instances, we should be conferring a hall-mark of special worth upon frauds, to the detriment of the honest. I have gone as deeply and as fully into this problem of compulsory insurance as any man, and I say that no proposal ever made by a responsible statesman in modern times has been, or would prove, so cruelly unjust as this by which Mr. Lloyd George seeks to divide our wage-earners into the good and the bad by the mere test of membership, or non-membership, of certain big friendly societies.

LLOYD GEORGE ILLOGICALITY.

We may admit that the members of the friendly societies are, in the bulk, the best of our working classes. Very well; but Mr. Lloyd George proposes that only the large societies may become approved for the purposes of this scheme. Small societies would be destroyed, and many of their members driven into the inferior—not to say degraded—Post Office class. Why should a man who is in a society comprising 9,900 members be singled out for disfavour, while another man, who happens to belong to a society with 10,000 members, is to be specially privileged? Mr. Lloyd George's excuse that he must draw the line somewhere is not valid. There is no need to draw a line of this kind at all. The friendly societies, big and little, should be left alone, free and independent, as at present.

Again, we may acknowledge that those who make provision for themselves are, on some grounds, more deserving of special assistance—or, at any rate, encouragement—than those who make no provision. The scheme of this Bill claims, to some extent, to reward the thrifty more than the unthrifty. But this is a questionable principle on the face of it, while to make membership of a big friendly society the sole test of thrift is utterly indefensible. What about the man whose thrift leads him to invest in a bank instead of a society? Besides, unthrifty is frequently another word for unfortunate. In many cases those who are not members of the regular friendly societies are more deserving of special assistance than of the pains and penalties that would be imposed upon them by Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. Is Tom Smith to be State-favoured because his parents apprenticed him to be an engineer and he enjoys a wage enabling him to be a society man, while Jack Jones is to be singled out by the same State for disfavour simply because his people put him to common labouring work and he finds himself unable to contribute regularly to a friendly society? It would hardly be going too far to say that more frugality—more real thrift—is displayed in the household economy of the casual labourer who is outside the friendly societies, than in the case of the well-paid mechanic who is usually in a society. Yet the non-society man—whether he happens to be too poor to contribute to a big society, or whether he is in a position to invest savings in a bank, and pay for his doctoring direct, rather than join a society, support the malingerers who are attached to all societies, and submit to distasteful club doctoring—is to be thrust into the compulsory Post Office section and grouped with the wasters. There are some men who object to the friendly societies, and who will not join them, partly because they consider that these societies encourage malingering among the worst members at the expense of the best, partly because they like free choice of doctor and object to support the club-doctor system, partly because they do not like the antiquated—and, to them, foolish—ceremonials of the societies, and partly because they prefer to put their spare money in a bank on their own account. Mr. Lloyd George ignores these men of independent spirit and thrifty habit, just as he ignores the most deserving of the real poor—he drives them all compulsorily into degradation.

INJURY, INJUSTICE, AND INDIGNITY.

But there remains something else to be considered. If the whole of our approved friendly society members were angels, and the whole of those outside these societies were devils, there might be some solid justification for the arbitrary line Mr. Lloyd George seeks to draw. But consider the matter. Take a broad view of it. Look at the facts. There are some members of big friendly societies who are not exactly the cream of mankind. On the other hand, there are some men outside these societies who are the best of workmen and the best of citizens. Now, why, in a State scheme—in a so-called national scheme—should a man suffer injury, injustice, and indignity through his whole life simply and solely because he is not a member of a special class of association, and of a society of a specified numerical strength? For, be it noted, a workman who, under this scheme, is not a friendly society man—not an "approved" man, but a disapproved P.O. man—would lose caste with his fellows, would be less attentively treated by some doctors, less respected by some officials, and very seriously prejudiced in his employment. If this scheme became operative many employers would be reluctant to engage men who did not possess the insurance cards of approved societies. The man with a P.O. card, no matter how healthy he might be, or how skilled or honest, would find himself placed at a big disadvantage in the labour market, compared with the man with an approved card. The P.O. card would be regarded as the badge of physical or moral inferiority. If all the insured were Post Office contributors no stigma would attach, but if two classes are to be created, the one viewed as the superior and the other as the inferior, with membership of a big society as the sole test or demarcation, then a few frauds will be placed at a premium, along with most of the fortunate, while many worthy men would be put at a discount, along with all the unfortunate.

MEDICAL INSPECTION AND EMPLOYMENT.

Take, for example, the question of medical inspection as affecting employment. Under the Workmen's Compensation Act, some employers have introduced, or tried to introduce, the medical inspection test, in order to weed out men likely to be slow in recovery from an injury, or specially liable to contract diseases entitling them to compensation. We all know how this test—how even the threat to apply it—has been resented by our working men. But see what a lever Mr. Lloyd George's scheme would put in the hands of the employers. The approved friendly society men must pass the doctor. The Post Office contributors need not do so. Under this scheme, splitting our workers into two classes, and with every man obliged to show his card, the simple fact of a man being in the Post Office class, and not the approved class, would stamp him as belonging to the physically defective and diseased class. Employers would give preference to men with approved cards, knowing they had passed the doctor, and men with the P.O. cards, no matter how healthy or efficient they might be, would find their chances of employment seriously diminished. This would be distinctly hard upon those who have been too poor to continue their membership of the societies, upon those who object to join such societies, and those who choose to bank their savings and pay for their own doctor.

Begin to-day Baroness Orczy's great Serial in this week's "Mrs. Bull."

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THE RIGHT TO SHOOT.

SEQUEL TO THE USE OF TROOPS IN TRADES DISPUTES.

One of the resolutions which will be placed before the Trades Union Congress at Newcastle in September, reads as follows:—

> That the existence of a regular standing army constitutes a menace to popular liberty, and the time has arrived for the institution of a real citizen army, such an army to be free from military law during time of peace, officered entirely by the selection of the rank and file, and to be used for defensive purposes only.

This is a demand that no military shall be used in case of disturbances in connection with trades disputes.

Let us consider the first portion of the resolution. Trade Unionists wish to abolish the regular standing Army, because it is a menace to popular liberty. The "popular liberty," of course, refers to the right to strike, and the right to prevent "blacklegging." Don't let us blink the fact that we are living in a state of civil war. At present Labour, whether it be organised or unorganised, has to obey the orders of the police. The police protect "blacklegs," and if the police are not in sufficient strength, then the military forces of the Crown are called upon. The consequence is that strikes are futile. In the circumstances, then, it is only to be expected that the aristocracy of Labour should endeavour to checkmate those who have now the upper hand of them. Naturally, the first blow is struck at the military, the "master" of Labour.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., is a staunch Trade Unionist and a champion of the "bottom dog." Before us is the text of his Citizen Force Bill. No wonder he has been unable to get any of his colleagues of the Labour Party to back it. It is the most revolutionary Bill ever drafted. Its one object is to transfer "force," which is now under control of the Government, into the hands of the people. "Every man a soldier," says the Bill, but "free from military law," it continues. The Citizen Army of Mr. Thorne is to be used for defensive purposes only. It is never to be called out in case of trades disputes. The rank and file are to select their own officers, just in the same manner as the Trade Unionists now select their own leaders.

We repeat it is not likely that these Trade Unionists are going to get their demand. Then the question arises, What is the next move on the Capital and Labour chessboard? Judging from what has been going on for a number of years, both in the Army and the Navy, we shall not be far off the mark if we state that strenuous efforts will be made to stultify recruiting to such an extent that some form of compulsion will be inevitable. It is a well-known fact that both the Tory and Liberal parties are trying to postpone the evil day. Whichever party goes to the country on a "conscription" ticket is damned for a generation. The failure of the Territorial Force is mainly due to the stand made against it by organised labour.

Finally let us quote from a pamphlet which is now being circulated among Trade Unionists:—

> Here are facts for the digestion of the working-class. Haldane's scheme has failed. It deserved to fail because it was an attempt to create a powerful military, repressive police force in disguise, officered by the classes. The classes were to lead, the masses were to follow. The great fight of the future is between Capital and Labour. The classes are fully aware of this fact, and are endeavouring to make ready to meet it. Working men must make ready also. At present the Army is officered entirely by the dominant class. The Army is supposed to be the weapon of government. Let us look a few years ahead. Suppose political power were to be won at the poll by the Socialist and the Labour Party, what would happen? Would the Army be the weapon of government then? Not much! The Democratic government would certainly find itself assailed by armed force. And what could the masses do against troops with scientific weapons? The masses, if they are wise, will prepare for that day.

We need not quote more. To paralyse the military arm is the aim of the resolution. The "Right to Shoot" is at the present moment vested in the Government. We have done our duty when we have pointed out that a strong bid is to be made to take that right away.

The pity of it is that even the need for such an attempt should exist.

WICKED MR. LLOYD GEORGE!

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

We published and commented upon the following report of the Kemp case recently before the Courts. We now give in the next column another report—from the *Manchester Evening News* of July 5th:—

DESPAIR AT SHARE LOSSES.

Henry D. Kemp, aged 67, described as a builder's manager, of 445, Latimer Road, Notting Hill, was charged on a warrant at West London Police-Court yesterday with attempting to commit suicide A policeman stated that on the evening of June 13th, the defendant came up to him at Wormwood Scrubbs and said that he "was tired of his days" and had cut his arm with a knife. He had a nasty cut on the left wrist, and the witness took him to Hammersmith Infirmary where the doctor discovered that two fingers of the left hand were also cut. The defendant's wife—a refined-looking woman, who was accompanied to the court by her daughter — went into the witness-box, and in answer to the magistrate said that her husband had been depressed for two years. — Mr. Garrett (the magistrate): What is the depression? — The Witness: He has lost all his money in shares in Bottomley's affairs. We have lived on bread and cheese, because he has lost all his money. My daughters have taken me in, and I have no home to take him to. The magistrate remanded the defendant. As her husband left the dock, Mrs. Kemp burst into tears, and had to be assisted from the court.

DEPRESSED AT THE PRICE OF CONSOLS.

An inquest was held by the Manchester City Coroner, Mr. E. A. Gibson, today, concerning the death of Miss Amy Jane Makin; aged 49, of Ayres Road, Brook's Bar. A week ago the deceased disappeared from home; and yesterday her body was recovered from the river Mersey.

Mrs. Ellen Andrews, Mayfield Road, Eccles, a sister of the deceased, said Miss Makin had not enjoyed good health during the last few years. She was attended a fortnight ago by a doctor for a nervous breakdown. Latterly she had been very much depressed about her investments.

Mr. William Saunders, who had lived at the home of the Makins for six years, said Miss Makin's health had broken down lately, and he noticed that her memory had failed her a little.

The Coroner: Was she troubled about her money?

Witness: Yes, she talked about her investments. She was troubled about the price of Consols. They stood much higher when those she held were purchased, and she was afraid they would go lower instead of higher, until they would disappear altogether.

Now who will prosecute Mr. Lloyd George for obtaining money by "misrepresentation"?

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Is the address of the place that sells a patent stuff for making the hair come to its natural colour somewhere in Kent?"

"I have an argument with a friend that there is more hot-house produce sent from Worthing Station to Covent Garden and Manchester markets than from any other station in England. I should be much obliged if you get substantial proof for me. I shall watch your columns for a reply."

"I shall be very pleased if you will inform me through your paper the language of flowers and of stamps when writing to a lady."

What can a woman do if she so much as notices a man she is considered bold and forward or some other remark? I for one think it deplorable that unmarried men should go untaxed.

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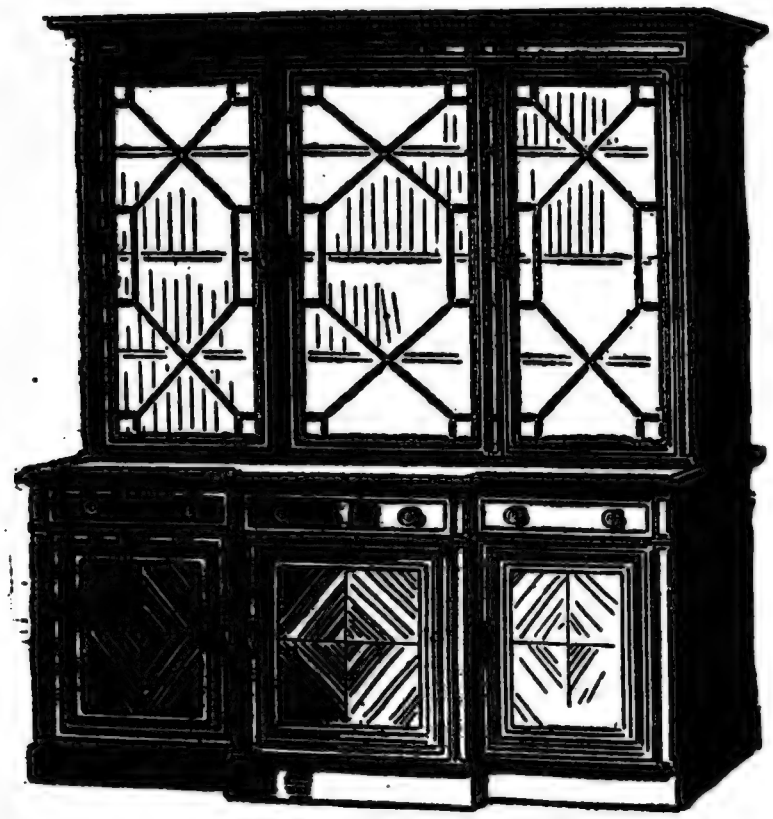

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AM I DEGENERATE?

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Turning over some old papers, I have come upon what a clever stranger calls "An Imitative Appreciation" of my work. I meant to deal with it long ago, but the seductions of the seaside and the deceitfulness of riches—you know.

Nordau's Notions.

What excited me most was that my critic actually referred me to the works of my old friend Max Nordau, to whom, after Voltaire and the Bible and Disraeli, I owe my sublimest inspirations. There is no one like Nordau to point the way to degenerate delights by means of denunciations unfortified by argument. No Index Expurgatorius can ever have advertised undesirable literature more rashly. The point, however, is that my kind critic crystallised into words a question that has often haunted me subconsciously: Am I a degenerate?

Pointed Ears.

He puts it with startling brutality. He has never seen me or my portrait, but he wonders whether I have fawn-shaped ears, a double dimpled chin, close-set eyes, or any other of the outward and visible symbols of mental degeneracy. No one is a good judge of his own appearance, so I will content myself with stating that my chin no longer seems double since I restricted my potations to gingerpop. Moreover, I do not agree with my challenger that physical beauties or defects are valuable witnesses on this point. By my works ye shall know me for good or for evil report. I could draw you up quite a long list of people with double chins and pointed ears who are only too horribly sane.

Echolalia and Ego-mania.

Let us then listen to the indictment: A writer of no small attainment, I persistently seem to sacrifice sense to style. A sentence commences, surely leading to a sane conclusion, stops suddenly as a verbal freak or an alliteration presents itself, then away with the preconceived idea; in place whereof often but a jarring jingle as though a tickling at pin-point—one sound suggesting a similar one—the echolalia observed in the weak-minded and imbecile—attributable to lack of mental application, resulting in impotence for concentration. Egomania—the persistent parade of self-conceit, the love of long, unusual words, can one fail to find every line clearly crying, "What think you of that?" "Was it not stated in masterly manner?" "Strikes not that home?"

Words, Idle Words.

All this is a weak paraphrase of arguments which Nordau has set forth far more strikingly. It is a crude variation of the philosopher's attack upon writers who discern beauty in words and speak "names with triumphant syllables, sounding like a blast of clarions, radiant words, words of light," who care little or nothing for the power and beauty and inspiration of thoughts. Now I quite admit that thoughts are more important than words, but I contend that, without triumphant syllables, sounding like the blast of clarions, radiant words, words of light, thoughts run the risk of remaining buried, smothered, at least still-born, in the clouds of night. Consider the phrases with which great statesmen like Churchill or Disraeli have electrified mankind.

The Power of Phrases.

The cold philosopher may dismiss them as mere echolalia, as the product of neurasthenia, as on a par with nursery jingles, like "Dickory, Dickory Dock," but they do serve to popularise political programmes, to perpetuate profound truths—or untruths—to permeate a nation in a way that the sublimest peroration could never do. To defend them on the lowest plane, they are as necessary as an advertisement on a hoarding. Suppose I were to discover an infallible remedy for all human ills. I might, if I followed the philosophy of Nordau, write a triumphantly logical treatise so obscure that its pages would never go further than the butchers' shops.

The Need of Noise.

But if I provided the world with a startling cry, with a far-compelling phrase, even with a haunting nightmare like the Yankee doggerel about the pink trip slip, everyone would soon hear about my discovery and it would certainly be judged on its merits. So, with innocent alliterations, recondite archaic words and phrases, they serve to attract attention, to arouse intelligent curiosity, to stimulate thought. If I went about the world whispering I should probably be left to my own devices; when I scream in public places people may think me a nuisance and invite me to put my head in a bag, but I cannot be ignored. When echolalia is merely the maundering of a diseased mind it must, of course, be discouraged by medical advisers, but when it is deliberately employed for a useful purpose, I submit that there is something to be said on its behalf.

Resonant Repetitions.

Egomania is, perhaps, a little more difficult to defend. I can only base my plea upon the existence of hypnotic forces which have not yet been sufficiently studied by scientists, though Christian Scientists have unconsciously turned them to very good use. I remember a poem by Mrs. Browning, the gist of which was that, if you say a foolish thing but oft enough, it will obtain general acceptance. This does not apply only to foolish things. If you keep on repeating to yourself that you are perfectly well, you will at any rate dispel hypochondria. Tell yourself that you are as brave as a lion, and you will soon be ashamed to jump on a chair at the first rustle of a mouse. Reiterate denunciations of any enemy with sufficient patience and some of your accusations are bound to find acceptance.

Values and Valuation.

So with my egomania, if, indeed, I am afflicted with it. The parade of it is bound to add to my stock of self-confidence, and at the same time to increase my fame. However much people may be irritated by what they mistake for conceit they are bound to take me at a part of my own valuation. Even if I know in my heart of hearts that I am the most abject of worms, the most idiotic of imbeciles, I shall be a traitor to myself if I do not seek to palliate my shortcomings by a proclamation of infinite wisdom. Let me emphasise my point with a physical analogy. If I am hideously deformed, I shall only make matters worse by going about in rags, omitting to wash, and wearing a beard. Echolalia and egomania are only the equivalent of tailor's and perfumer's arts.

Am I an Iconoclast?

To return to the charge of my critic: my discontent is pitiful, my complaints and dissatisfaction with all earthly institutions are those of a fractious, teething infant. I would tear my world to pieces more in the spirit of a spoiled child who breaks its doll to see the sawdust run than of the boy who smashes his toy to examine the works. Like the comedian who longs to play Hamlet, I know not whether to take myself seriously as a comic writer or a cynical moralist. Well, at any rate, I am sufficiently the philosopher to know that I do not know myself. My critic will doubtless agree that discontent has always been one of the most useful forces for the regeneration of Society. Whether I am applying it with the proper leverage and in the right direction I must leave posterity to decide.

A Graphomaniac?

Now for the peroration of my prosecutor: "a pseudo-pedantic parade of pointless paragraphs, plagiarized paradoxical platitudes pleasing to the public perchance but shoddy as the subjects, selected haphazard by delving in a dictionary, glancing at a glossary, taking a time-table or meandering over a map—the whole besprinkled with capital letters and broken by alliterative headlines. Yet this graphomaniac is readable withal—probably by reason of our, his readers', degeneracy.

I am content to leave it at that.

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FINSBURY PARK, N., 259, Seven Sisters Road.
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PUTNEY, S.W., 31, High Street.
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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To Mr. Justice Darling, Royal Courts of Justice.

DEAR JUDGE,—Just a word to you about this "Crippen letter" case. I think you would have been better advised had you followed the example of the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Bankes and committed your judgment to writing. Just consider one of the things you said—you were satisfied that Crippen had not been properly defended! Now, I hold no brief for Mr. Arthur Newton—indeed, I have a bit of a grievance against him over this business, for not having admitted, as the Lord Chief Justice has found, that "he did avail himself of the advantage of being Crippen's solicitor to obtain information to reply to the Open Letter in JOHN BULL." But that fact does not deter me from protesting against such an unjust aspersion upon the loyalty of Mr. Newton to his client. Those of us who saw him, during the trial, working night and day in the wretched man's interest, sacrificing all other business and even health, in a vain endeavour to save the man, know how utterly unfounded your observation is. Blame him as you like for whatever he may have done after all hope had gone, but do him the common justice to acknowledge that never was prisoner more faithfully served. Remember that even Mr. Sankey, K.C., who appeared for the Law Society, paid a warm tribute to Mr. Newton's defence of Crippen.

That, however, by the way. The object of this letter is to suggest to your Lordship, in the most respectful manner, that you have been a little unfair to me. Please remember that I was not before the Court, and that I have never been asked by anybody to give evidence. All I was ever requested to do was to produce the original of Crippen's message, and this was done by the person who took it down. Besides, as you admitted, the Court has no jurisdiction over my conduct as a public journalist. If *I* was satisfied that the Reply to my Open Letter was a genuine one, and if I published it in that honest and *bona fide* belief, what do I care if Mr. Newton did break the Prison Rules in order to obtain it for me? I should have liked the opportunity of telling you how most of the foreign telegrams which appear in the daily press are expanded —"fabricated," I suppose you would say—before they are printed; of how some of the most graphic descriptions of earthquakes and other catastrophes are filled out in Fleet Street; of how fashionable weddings—which sometimes never take place!—are described in detail entirely by means other than ocular observation; of how "reports" of great speeches are often printed hours before they are delivered—and a hundred other things about the journalistic world; and then, I think, you would have appreciated what exceptional care is taken in the offices of my journal to verify the authority for its statements. Do, my dear Judge, stick to your last—every man to his trade. How could you bring yourself, without hearing a word from me, to utter such an opinion as that "others, not before the Court, ought to be punished, too"? Come, come, Judge, it really was not worthy of you. You know that I took every means in my power to assist the Court in its enquiry. You know that I wrote to the Lord Chief Justice offering to give evidence and that I waited in Court till I was told that the case "did not concern me." What more could I have done? I am sure you had no wish to be unjust or unchivalrous—you have always been most kind and courteous towards me—but just when I am going through a somewhat anxious time —with so many of the Powers-that-Be against me—I do think it was a little inconsiderate of you to go out of your way to attack me, when I had not, and never had, any means of self-defence. That is all. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Hodges, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Though the proposal for Sunday music on the pier has been deferred, the day is not far distant when Bournemouth will be driven into line with other municipalities. By almost common agreement the Bournemouth Sunday is the dreariest and most depressing of all dreary and depressing Sabbatarian institutions. It is a Snob's Sunday as well as a Puritan's Sunday; a Sunday for priggish gentility as well as for smug pietism. It is surely impossible that Sunday in such a place as Bournemouth can long be exclusively reserved for the use of Puritans and prigs. You, Mr. Councillor, have done valuable work in breaking down the barriers which the social and religious castes of Bournemouth have raised from time to time against the full enjoyment by the people of their own day.

One would imagine, Mr. Councillor, that there is something almost devilish in entertaining crowds of brain-and-body-weary people on Sundays with open-air music in any other form than that furnished by the vociferous drum-banging captains of the Salvation Army. But if music is good in a church it cannot be bad on a pier. It was not even proposed to compete with the churches. While the organs were pealing the bands would be silent. I believe the Council are doing positive harm to Bournemouth by doing their best to make and keep everybody except the puritans and snobs as miserable as possible on Sundays. The argument of one Alderman that the Bournemouth Sunday is an asset to the town obviously refutes itself, unless to keep people away for the week-ends is an asset. For my part I believe the Alderman would have been more accurate if he had argued that the Bournemouth Sunday is a heavy, standing liability—making it, in fact, a dead city by the sea. JOHN BULL.

To the Vicar of Queenborough.

DEAR VICAR,—I note that one of the local Councillors has been making trouble your way because bagatelle and other wicked games are being played in the vestry. It may appear rather shocking at first blush that the vestry as commonly understood should be so used by your young men, but when it is explained that your vestry is in the churchyard, that it has never been consecrated, and that if you had not turned it into a Young Men's Institute it would be empty most nights in the year, I think sane people in Queenborough will agree that you are a very sensible, broad-minded, and practical vicar, fulfilling your vocation to admirable purpose. Assure yourself of my good wishes.
JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor of Salford.

MY DEAR MAYOR,—It is rather late in the day for the ratepayers of your famous health resort to make a fuss over the two-and-a-half guinea medals with which the Councillors of Salford decorated their patriotic bosoms to celebrate the Coronation. All they can do is to growl and pay the bill. I hear that these gorgeous medallions have been paid for out of the £2,000 granted by the Borough Council as an allowance to be used by you "to celebrate the Coronation," and if this is so you have certainly laid yourself open to the criticism that you might have put the money to much better uses. The more probable supposition to my mind is that you put yourself in the hands of the Coronation Committee, who are in fact responsible for this absurd decoration which nobody will have the face to wear, even at a Corporation banquet, lest it should pale the medallion splendours of the mayoral chain itself.
JOHN BULL.

Chairman, Urban District Council, Hanwell.

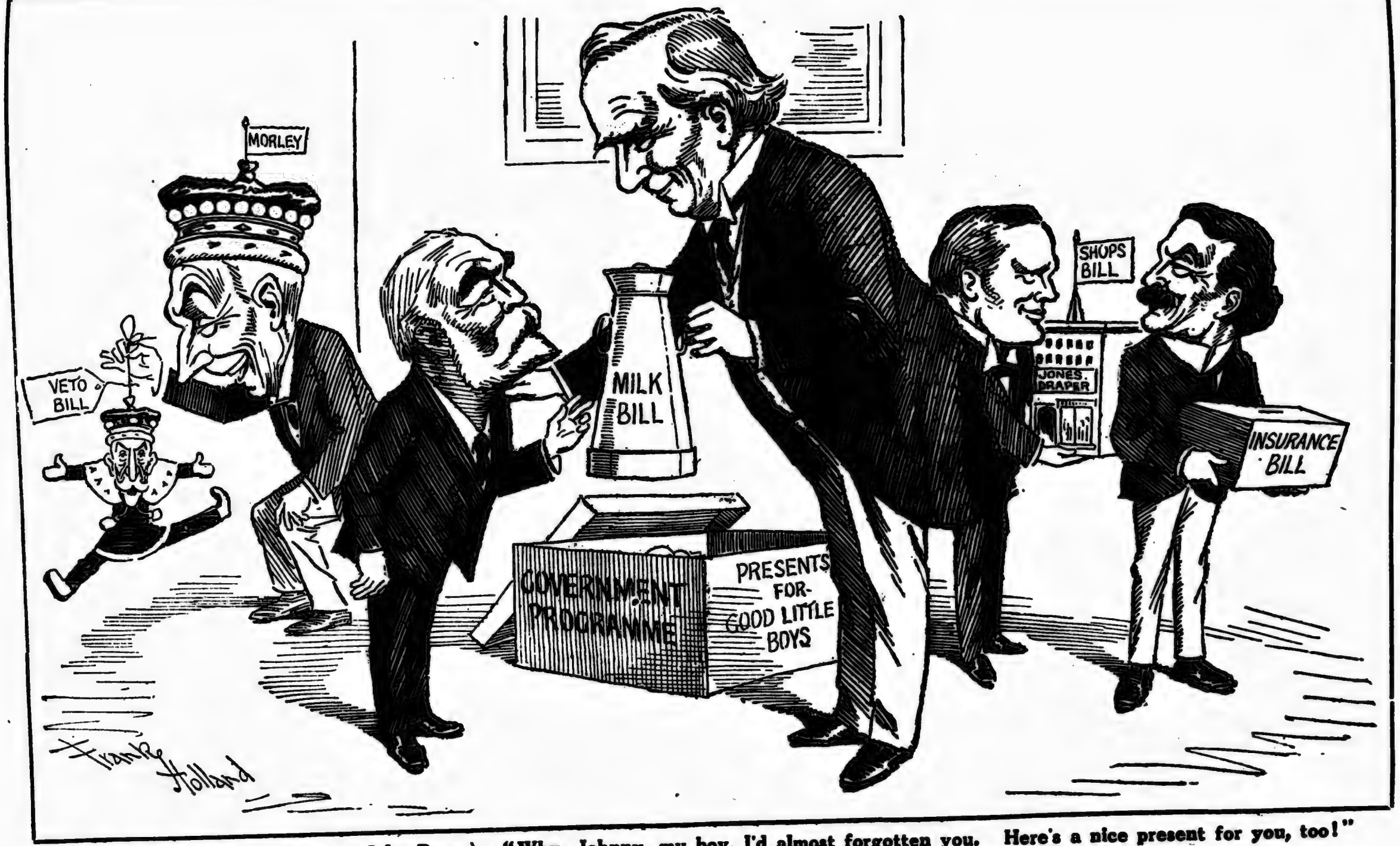
Sorry hear your town obstructed in its progress by being associated in name and mind with the L.C.C. asylum. In order to make clear that everybody Hanwell not lunatic why not call it Mindwell?
BULL.

Masterman, Bethnal Green.

Coming rather near South Hackney aren't you?
BULL.

Baroness Orczy's great New Serial begins in this week's "Mrs. Bull." Buy it to-day.

TOYS FOR THE BOYS.



UNCLE ASQUITH (to Master John Burns): "Why, Johnny, my boy, I'd almost forgotten you. Here's a nice present for you, too!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

REALISATION OF BIRKBECK HOLDINGS LEAVES THE STOCK MARKETS MORE CONFIDENT—RECOVERY IN CONSOLS—RUBBERS ACTIVE—SHARP RISE IN RHODESIANS, AS ANTICIPATED IN "JOHN BULL"—HOME RAILS FIRM.

The two markets which are at present standing out as the most active ones are those for *Rubbers* and *Home Rails*, to which I am giving special attention to-day. For the steady-going investor *Home Rails* have most attractions, apart from the ever-recurring labour troubles. *Consols* seem at last to have turned the corner, and after touching 78⅞, are now 79⅛. I understand that the recent weakness has been owing to a considerable amount of *Consols* being sold for account of the Birkbeck Bank, as, contrary to the general presumption, these blocks had not yet been liquidated. It appears, however, now that a large portion of the other securities held by the Birkbeck Bank have also been disposed of, and this undoubtedly will be felt in the greater steadiness of the stock markets. As regards *Gilt-edged stocks*, there is talk of a further reduction in the rates of deposit by the Joint Stock Banks, and this should help that department also. A very important point has also been reached in the *Rhodesian* Mining Market. There is complete accord now between the various groups, and a sharp advance has commenced in *Rhodesia Ex.*, *Falcon Mines*, *Lonely Reefs*, and *Willoughby Consols*, and these, together with *Cam and Motor*, *Eldorado*, *Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia*, and *Antelope*, may be recommended specially as likely to have important advances, the news being very satisfactory. Other shares which are rising are *Giants*, *Shamva Mines*, *Globe and Phœnix*, etc. In the meantime, *Kaffirs* are marking time, but *West Africans* are distinctly firmer, and this advance is likely to make further progress. *Argentine Rails* are somewhat out of favour, with the exception of *Buenos Ayres Great Western*, which are still doing well, and have improved to 130½, but the others, and especially *Central Argentine*, are out of favour, owing to the very bad maize crop, which means a heavy loss of traffic. *Mexican Rails* are rallying again, and deserve to do so. *Canadian Pacifics* are in better demand, but more especially *Grand Trunk Ordinary*, which I recommended last week at 29⅜, have now improved to 29⅞, and should go considerably higher. I still maintain my favourable view of *Japanese Fours*, which are also rising. *Guatemala*, on a satisfactory settlement of the debt, are firmer at 51½, and should further improve, if that Republic keeps to its bargain. *Guayaquil and Quito* have also advanced to 64¾, and it is to be hoped that the favourable rumours current have a sound basis.

THE HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS—SHARP ADVANCE ON SATISFACTORY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In last week's issue I gave reliable, if somewhat conservative, market estimates of the Home Railway dividends for the past half-year, and I found that in nearly all instances there will be considerable increases. The increase of ½ per cent. in the first announcement, that of the *City and South London*, has already been borne out by results, as this Company propose to pay 1¾ per cent. per annum, against 1¼ per cent. a year ago. The *Metropolitan* dividend has also been declared at 2 per cent. per annum against 1½ per cent. a year ago, and on Thursday, the day on which JOHN BULL reaches my readers, the *Brighton*, *South Eastern*, *Chatham*, *and Great Eastern* dividends will be announced. I have already stated that *Brighton Ordinary* should receive 3½ per cent., against 3 per cent. last year, *South Eastern Ordinary* 1½ per cent., against 1 per cent., and that the *Chatham First Prefs.* should receive the full 4½ per cent. dividend, against 3 per cent. last year, also that the *Great Eastern* is expected to pay 2¼ per cent., against 1¾ per cent. a year ago. The *Great Central* will be announced on the 21st inst., and is expected to pay the full dividend on the *1891 Preference*, while a year ago it only paid the full dividend on the *1881 Preference* stock. The following dividend will be that of the *Lancashire and Yorkshire*, on the 24th inst., and that I have estimated hitherto at the rate of 4¼ per cent. per annum, against 3¾ per cent. a year ago, but I now think that this stock will probably pay yet ½ per cent. more than that. For the rest, I confirm the dividend estimates already stated. There has been a considerable improvement in prices since I recommended these stocks on the dividend prospects, and, in order to enable my readers to judge of the present attractive prices, I have drawn up a little table, giving leading stocks, from which the former high prices, as well as the lowest recent prices, can be gathered, also prices on July 1, and present prices :—

	Lowest, 1894.	Highest, 1896-7.	Lowest, 1909.	Price, July 1, 1911.	Present Price.
Great Eastern	70½	128½	55⅝	73	73½
Great Northern Def.	48	68½	39½	53½	53½
Great Western	150½	187½	117	128½	130½
Lancashire and Yorkshire	102½	156	86½	98⅝	101½
London and North Western	161½	209½	128½	143½	145½
London and S. Western Def.	60½	97½	38	48½	50
London and Brighton "A"	147½	186	81	107	107½
London Chatham	12½	22½	9⅜	17 1-16	16½
Metropolitan	73½	100½	64	48	48½
Metropolitan District	26½	54½	23⅜	28⅜	29½
Midland Deferred	—	98½	53⅜	76½	77½
North Eastern	154½	184⅜	123⅜	132	132½
North Staffs	122	137	79	94	95
South Eastern "A"	65½	120	27⅛	54½	54½

The improvement in values since the lowest of 1909 has been substantial in most cases, but as yet the movement seems to be quite moderate, when compared with the booms of the years 1906-7. Not that I anticipate a return of such a boom, but there is undoubtedly a margin for a considerable rise. Amongst the stocks which I consider are more particularly tempting at present prices are *Brighton "A,"* *Dover "A,"* the junior *Great Central Preferences*, and amongst the *Heavies*, besides *Lancashire and Yorkshire*, *North Western*, *Great Western*, and *Midlands*. The labour troubles have not altogether subsided yet, but I consider that the ultimate solution will probably be found in a higher scale of pay, and a corresponding improvement in efficiency. There are other items of working expenses in which economies can still be obtained, and the continued expansion in traffic is certainly most encouraging. Those who would like a fixed rate of interest should, of course, buy *Home Railway Deferred*.

PRELIMINARY CANTER IN RUBBERS—PATIENCE STILL NECESSARY.

The temporary flare-up in rubber shares during the past week may be described as a preliminary canter. While, however, expecting firmer conditions henceforth, I do not look for any real revival until the autumn, and then only if the better tone of rubber itself is maintained. The *Rubber Plantations Investment Trust* announces 7½ per cent. dividend, making 15 per cent. for the year, as against 20 per cent. for the previous year, but much has happened in the meantime. As usual, market movements have been led by *Linggis* and *Vallambrosa*, while the following table of representative shares will show how the market has moved during the last four months :—

	Make-up, End-March.	Make-up, End-June.	Highest, Wed., July 12.	Present Price.
Anglo-Malay	24/-	17/4½	19/3	17/6
Bukit Rajah	15	11	13½	12½ xd.
Rubber Trust	⅛ pm.	6d. pm.	⅛ pm.	15-32 p.m.
Guayule	15/9	11/9	12/6	12/-
Highlands	5½	4 7-32	4 19-32	4½ xd.
Jeram	1 1-16	10/- pm.	11/3 pm.	10/- pm.
Kuala Lumpur	7½	6½	7	6½
Linggi	50/6	2 1-32	44/6	40/3
Malaccas	9½	10	10	9¾
Pataling	3	2 5-32	2½	2½
Perak	8/9	6/3	7/6	6/9 xd.
Vallambrosas	37/-	29/-	32/9	29/6

There is no doubt but that the intelligent investor can find plenty of profitable investments in the better-class rubber shares, and he must not overlook the probability of a decline in prices being counterbalanced by an increase of yield.

MAIKOP OIL SHARES AT KNOCK-OUT PRICES—THE "BEARS" MAKING A ROD FOR THEIR OWN BACKS.

The fag-end of forced liquidation, combined with further sales on the part of the Bears, have combined oil shares, and Maikop descriptions in particular, to almost a knock-out level. The ursine operators are, however, undoubtedly making a rod for their own backs. I learn, for instance, that the *Maikop Pipe Line Company* is doing so well merely on its temporary plant, that since pumping commenced, it has been making profits at the rate of £50,000 per annum, which does not take into account the revenue received for storing oil and for percentage in respect of leakage. Besides the fact that only temporary pumps are working at present, the Pipeline is going at only one-third of its capacity. The last monthly return of the *Maikop Victory* shows that this company continues to produce on a large scale. The *Black Sea Oilfields*, too, is in a satisfactory position, and the oil delivered is being sold at Maikop at good prices. Under these circumstances, I consider *Black Seas* at 1⅛, *Maikop Victorys* at ⅛ pm., and *Maikop Pipelines* at 20s. 6d., remarkably cheap. When once this section takes a start again there will be no holding it back. Shells

A story of Ladies and Swords, of Tears and Kisses, told with a captivating charm, such is

are steady at 84s. 3d., and every now and then Spies take a start forward, and are quoted at 33s. 3d. xd. *Mexican Eagles*, after dipping to 30s., have recovered to 32s.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

I stated last week that I verily believed that Canadian promoters would wear out their welcome in the London market, and still they come. The *Canadian Pacific Lumber Company* is now appealing with an offer of £350,000 six per cent. first mortgage bonds, and thus the British public are to find the money wherewith the Canadian promoters are to realise their large profits, and what about the danger of fire threatening these lumber companies? Have we not the ravages of the Porcupine fire as a warning before us? Then there are *Water Softeners (France), Limited*. It would appear that the German company is eighteen months old, that the English company has only just been formed, and now the patents for France are to be marketed, with a capital of £100,000. Water Softeners and Filters have been brought out in large numbers, and none of them have earned a fortune. Considering the competition, I cannot advise the investment. The *Woldsea Freehold Town Planning Syndicate, Limited*, capital £100,000, proposes to establish the first garden city by the sea, somewhere on the Lincolnshire Coast. Garden cities, I was under the impression, were chiefly intended to provide country residences for the overflow of large cities. At least, none other has ever paid its way, and the matter is, therefore, very much in the air. There is also the *Bajoe Kidoel Rubber and Produce Company, Limited*, share capital £300,000 in £1 shares. This property has been nursed by the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, Limited, but while the surroundings of that concern are very respectable, the last directors' report is not such as to enthuse shareholders, and this new company is obviously a speculation rather than an investment.

DUNCAN FORBES AND CO.

The name of these outside brokers has figured frequently in these columns, and it only remains for me to place on record that, last week, Robert Duncan Forbes, described as a mortgage broker, of 21, Dora Road, Wimbledon, and Charles Isaacs, who said he was an insurance broker, of 136, Graham Road, Dalston, were placed in the dock at Guildhall on a warrant charging them with conspiring with another person, not at present in custody, to obtain money by false pretences in connection with the dealings of Duncan Forbes and Company. The matter is being adjourned, and as the case is now *sub judice*, I am unable to make any further observations. In the meantime, I also learn that on the 11th inst. a receiving order in bankruptcy was made, upon a creditor's petition, against Duncan Forbes and Co., described as stockbrokers, of 49, London Wall, E.C.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

SOCIETIES.—URUSULA.—It is not so much the present as the future which you have to think of, in view of the unsettling effect of the Government's land legislation. No doubt the Societies in question are sound enough at present, but they cannot control the future. You would be far better advised to put your money into, for instance, Home Railway Ordinary stocks if you do not mind a little risk in return for good yields, or into Preferreds, if you would rather have stocks with a fixed return. The following is a good selection amongst the latter:—Central London Preferred, at 89; Great Northern 4 per cent. Preferred, at 96; South-Western 4 per cent. Preferred, at 96; Brighton 6 per cent. Preferred, at 137; Midland 2½ per cent. Preferred, at 63½; South-Eastern 6 per cent. Preferred, at 125.

MINING SPECS.—R. W. (Namaqualand).—The following selection should suit you:—Lonely Reefs, at 3 9-16; Esperanza, at 1½; Ashanti Goldfields, at 1½; Nigeria Tin, at ¾; and Balcobo Tin, at par to ¼ prem. The last-mentioned is working rich tin by hand pending erection of machinery. The office of the Company is Cross Keys House, Moorgate Street, London, E.C. I do not like the Oil Company in question.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—B. A. H.—Yes, there have of late been some complaints with regard to these persons, and you should insist upon payment. What you mention is the usual clap-trap of "bucket" shops, and is generally not kept to. BILLY (Blackpool).—I do not see how I can help you. There are several complaints with regard to these people not paying up, but I am afraid it would hardly pay to make law expenses about the small amount. CORFU.—I note contents of your letter, and will see whether representations can do anything to obtain the money for you. T. R. (Longton).—I am afraid that you can do nothing in the matter, and there is nothing owing to you under the circumstances, although this seems somewhat sharp practice. I return you the documents. RETRAC (Poulton-le-Fylde).—I should advise you to have nothing to do with either of the two concerns, which are very doubtful.

CHANNEL COAST COMMITTEE.—F. B.—Advices from St. Cecile are very satisfactory with regard to the development of the property, and prospects are good. The hotel, accommodating 180 persons, will be crowded in August, and promises to be very popular. The Preference shares should, in time, prove a good investment and pay substantial dividends.

DUNCAN FORBES AND COMPANY.—COMPLEX.—You are too late. You will have seen that criminal proceedings have been taken, and that the two partners have been charged at the Guildhall Police Court, and I am very much afraid that there will be no assets to divide. VICTIM (Kidderminster).—You speak of Donald Forbes and Company, and say that you have lost £10 through them, but it is more probably Duncan Forbes and Company, who are now in the Bankruptcy Court, while the principals are being prosecuted.

ELECTRIC THEATRE SHARES.—ALPHA BETA.—As far as I am aware, no dividend has yet been declared by the Premier Electric Theatres. You say that the secretary does not answer your letters. Perhaps if this is brought under his notice he will now break the silence by issuing some statement upon the present position.

KAFFIRS.—T. C. L.—A good Kaffir Company, but the shares are depressed in sympathy with the rest of that market. Hold, but do not average until the market takes a decided turn for the better.

OIL SHARES.—MYSORE.—These Oil shares have declined along with the rest of that market. It is weary work waiting, but no advantage would be gained by selling now, as you would hardly get 9d. per share. Your best course is to hold until there is a turn for the better, which is bound to come, sooner or later.

SO-CALLED TRUST.—HANT.—I regard this concern with considerable suspicion, and have an idea that it may cover some sort of an outside broker's business. I should have very great hesitation before interesting myself in it.

DEBTOR LEAVING FOR CANADA.—H. G. Y.—You can only do so if you have an unsatisfied judgment, or if the man is in the Bankruptcy Court.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over).

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—PATIENCE (London).—The insurances upon your relatives would not be enforceable. The other policies would seem to be in order. H. B. (Hilton).—The matter shall be looked into. A. J. B. (Sunderland).—Our advice to you is to take the sum offered. You are clearly in the wrong in the matter of the age. D. W. D. (Shipley).—You are worrying yourself unnecessarily. M. E. E. (Shoreham).—Your experience appears to have been that of thousands of others who have dealt with this Company. Let us know how the matter ends. H. (Hastings).—We are obliged to you for the information. If the agents are making the statement you name, it is not only a false, it is a ridiculous statement. E. A. S. (Kendal).—We are obliged to you for your offer, but we cannot undertake to distribute the pamphlet gratis. No one interested in the subject should grudge the penny it costs, and which barely defrays the cost of production. B. H. (Drogheda).—What is it you want us to do? Have you communicated with the head office? G. A. (Aberdeen).—Your case is that of many thousands of others. We fear you have no remedy. W. E. J. (Isle of Wight).—We do not quite understand your letter, which seems contradictory. How long was the man insured, and what is his widow offered? A. F. L. (Handsworth).—We are obliged to you for the cutting, which shall have our attention.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—POSTMAN (Cove).—We are writing to you under cover. Do not do anything until you hear from us.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. C. (Glasgow).—We cannot add anything to Mr. Gordon's letter. We think you should follow the lines indicated by him.

VALIDITY OF POLICY.—A. E. H. (Horsham).—The law bearing upon the subject is as follows:—A wife may insure the life of her husband upon whose income or exertions she is dependent, and a husband may insure the life of his wife; whilst the Married Woman's Property Act, 1882, expressly provides that a married woman may insure her own life, or that of her husband for her separate use. H. J. (Bristol).—See previous answer. W. C. (New Cross).—Assuming the facts to be as you state them, all three policies would appear to be valid. ANXIOUS (Bradford).—We fear the agent misled you, and that the policy is invalid.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO.—H. S. (Hailsham).—If the facts are as you state them, the policies are not enforceable.

SURRENDER VALUE.—G. J. G. (Genyesmudu).—The secretary's letter seems to be quite plain. You cannot expect the Society to refund the premiums paid. As to the loan, you should apply to the head office, which will tell you whether they will grant it or no. We return the secretary's letter. ARTHUR (Scunthorpe).—It would be better for you to apply to the head office. They will give you the exact sum they are prepared to pay.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—S. E. W. (Whealstone).—We think you would have a very good chance of succeeding, but, of course, that implies litigation, which could hardly be other than costly, and it is for you to say whether you are prepared to risk it. Unless you do so, we do not see how you are to avoid payment.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—DECEIVED (Manchester).—We will look into the matter and answer you under cover.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—F. S. (Southport).—We think you must accept the manager's statement that you took out your policy at a time when less favourable terms were offered than at present.

THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK.—F. B. (Colchester).—It is practically decided that this Company shall be taken over by the Atlas Assurance Company. It will be maintained as a separate institution, but the Company will deal with all new insurance at tariff rates. From the public point of view we think this merging of an old non-tariff office of high repute to be regretted.

REFUGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—I THINK SO. (Bridgeton).—We do not think you can compel them to give you a free policy.

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—PORTO (Southsea).—The answer is in the affirmative.

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. B. (Bath).—Unless the insurance was for funeral expenses, you cannot recover.

CLAIM UPON PROVIDENT FUND.—H. W. (Highgate).—We do not think you can recover if you were dismissed for misconduct. Rule 7 does not touch the point.

ANGLO-DUTCH INSURANCE AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—J. A. (Eastbourne).—We will look into the matter. You seem to assume that the management has been charged, which is not the case.

LIABILITY UPON POLICY.—G. B. (London).—We fear we cannot help you, seeing that incorrect statements appear to have been made at the time when the policy was being taken out.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

"Fire in Stubble," the New Serial by Baroness Orczy, commencing in this week's "Mrs. Bull."

MORE CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

BY WAY OF APPENDIX TO THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

By Richard Morton.

We are privileged to print a Supplementary List of additions to the recent Return of Civil Service pensions granted during 1911.

We do not pretend that our list is official, but we state distinctly that it may be regarded as particulars of pensions either offered or declined, or as pensions neither offered nor declined. Such as it is, it is a summary of deserving cases, and we guarantee its complete inaccuracy:—

Mr. Ginnell: Appropriately included in the Civil List on account of his invariable civility	£400
Mr. Rudyard Kipling: In consideration of his prowess as a banger of the big drum of Empire, and of his ability as a writer of comic songs	100
Mr. Andrew Carnegie: In recognition of his liberal encouragement of builders, publishers, and book-binders, and because of his straitened circumstances resulting therefrom	50
Mr. Rowland Hunt: In recognition of his valuable services to science and of his labours in the cause of natural history as exemplified by his many discoveries of mares' nests..	25
Mr. Masterman: In consideration of his artistic merits as a wielder of the brush, and of the keen business instincts that resulted in the loss of his seat.. ..	1,500
Mr. Alfred Austin: In recognition of his eminence as a poet and because he has (up to now) limited his Coronation output to fourteen lines—in addition to his pension as Poet Laureate	5
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: In consideration of his valuable services in the detection of crime, and as the inventor of model methods much appreciated at Scotland Yard	50
Miss Maud Allan: In consideration of the many steps she has taken to popularise the classics, and because of her unselfish example as a dress reformer.. ..	100
Sir George Alexander: In consideration of his ability as a theatre proprietor, and in recognition of his services to the tailoring trade..	50
The Earl of Midlothian: In consideration of his abilities as a ploughman	10
Dr. John Clifford: In recognition of his labours as a shepherd, and in consideration of his passive resistance to rates legally imposed	20
Mr. David Davies: In recognition of his labours as a shepherd—in addition to his accrued emoluments when he comes out	10
Lady Constance Foljambe: In consideration of her distinctive merits as a Vanishing Lady	20
Messrs. Cadbury: In consideration of their public services in applying the pressure of the cocoa press on behalf of Government	5
Mr. Eustace Miles: In consideration of his merits in popularising food for rabbits	10
Mr. Plowden: For his services to the science of criminology as the discoverer of the possibility of reconciling two factors previously in opposition, *i.e.*, humour, and a sentence of seven days' without the op.	20
Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst (jointly and to the survivor of them): In consideration of the sweet reasonableness and submission to public authority of their mother, and in recognition of their own merits as peacemakers ..	60
Mr. Wilkie Bard: In consideration of important services rendered to the study of the Welsh language by railway servants	10
Mr. Harry Lauder: In consideration of his merits as a distributor of special Scotch	20
Mr. Johnny Walker: *Ditto*	5
Mr. John Redmond: In consideration of his eminence as a numismatist	10

Baroness Orczy's New Novel,

"FIRE IN STUBBLE," by the famous authoress of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Emperor's Candlesticks," "I Will Repay," and other popular stories, :: :: :: begins in :: :: ::

This Week's *"MRS. BULL."*

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Wythyn
Thys
Alabastar Casket
Are enshrined
Ye fragrant ashes
Of
Marie Corelli,
Who
Flung inne ye face of an astonished and gasping
World
A series of romances
Whych excited ye wonderynge admiracion
Of housemaydes
And
Aroused ye scorn of ye criticks.
Inne
A Romance of Two Worldes
She condescended to explayne ye miracles
Recorded inne ye Newe Testament;
Inne
Ye Sorrows of Satan,
She stirred ye sympathie of her readers
For ye sorrie plyghte of
Old Nick;
Furthermore,
She dissected ye *Soul of Lilith,*
She distylled a strange decoction from *Wormwoode,*
And layed bare ye brayne of *Barabbas.*
Havynge
By thys tyme
Acquyred a measure of fame,
She proceeded to Stratford-on-Avon,
Beynge acktuated
By ye laudable ambition
Of sheddynge lustre upon ye birthplace
Of
William Shakespeare,
Who hadde fallen somewhatte into discredyt.
Beynge wedded to her art,
And havynge a bitter objection to beynge photographed,
She never married,
Butte
Pursued her waie
Inne mayden meditacion, fancie free,
Spurnynge ye attencions of alle males
Wyth ye one exception of
YE DAILIE MAIL,
To ye whych,
Lyke ye catte inne ye adage,
She eventuallie succumbed,
Beynge tempted
On ye occasion of ye Coronation
To write a shortte butte gushynge article
For itts columns.
Ye consequencies of thys lapse
Darkened ye closynge yeares of her lyf,
And she dyed,
Full of spleene agaynst mankind inne general,
And ye tribe of criticks inne particular.

. . . . . .

Gaze sadlie on thys urn, whereinne
Restes one who made a deal of tinne
By bookes for which each mayden flies
To circulatyne libraries,
Romancies full of wordie stryfe,
Butte notte a little bitte lyke lyfe.
Here lette her reste, and hope, nor hope in vain,
Thatte she may soone be followed by Hall Caine.

"MR. BOTTOMLEY'S INTENTIONS."

A striking article under the above title will appear

In Next Week's "JOHN BULL."

Buy to-day "Mrs. Bull" and read Baroness Orczy's delightful new Serial.

OVER HALF A MILLION POUNDS

Here is a big slice gone out of 1911, and if we may be permitted to ask the question: How much better-off are you now than at the dawn of the year? During the six months that have come and gone, have you grasped the opportunities that Fortune at one time and another offers to all? Just six months ago we predicted that in the months to come we should eclipse our brilliant and unmatched record. And events have more than justified our forecast, and have added fresh laurels to our unrivalled reputation for expeditiously making money for our clients. To us belongs the pre-eminent distinction of having paid away the immense sum of

£511,040

Nothing like it has ever been known in Financial Circles in the City of London. It proves beyond all controversy that we have attained to perfection in systematising the art of making money for our clients.

We are making Money for our Clients —The evidence is our Cheque Files.—

You may as well share in this good fortune. Let the next half-year bring you also a meed of prosperity. We are not resting upon past glories. If you remember our forecast in January, you will see that we have realised it. We now confidently foretell still greater successes in the next six months. If you will refer to our communications last January, you will find that we advised a purchase of Canadas at 200. They are now about 250 (and will go higher yet), a gain of 50 points. That is only one of our many successful advices.

The Conditions Necessary to Success are

To command a large amount of stock with a small amount of money.
To limit risk to amount of Remittance.
To have time to take advantage of the turn.
To be able to deal at close prices.
To be rid of heavy fees and charges.

It is precisely under these conditions that we throw open to all the most lucrative enterprise in the world.

By our Unique System

With a small sum you can have an interest in a large amount of American or Home Railway security.

With	£3	you control	£300	Stock.
„	£6		£600	„
„	£9	„	£900	„
„	£12	„	£1200	„
„	£18	„	£1800	„

And Larger Amounts in Proportion.

Latest Advice to hand from our New York Correspondent is to BUY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD SHARES for a Quick Profit.

Here is Opportunity within your Grasp.

The Time to Seize it is NOW. ☛

Fill in and Forward This Coupon at Once.

To the Secretary,
THE NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE,
20, Gt. Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay to clients £511,040.

I enclose remittance value £_____ : _____ : _____ Please sell to me £..... stock in Union Pacifics at next dealing price quoted on the London Stock Exchange after receipt of these instructions.

It is distinctly understood that my liability is strictly limited to the amount of my deposit.

J. B. 22/7/11

*Name*_____
(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title.)

*Address in Full*_____

*Date*_____

(Please write distinctly.)

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISIONER IN MANCHESTER.

THE CHEADLE CONVALESCENT HOME.—THE LIGHTBOWNE CHURCH SCANDAL.—THE WAIL OF THE COMMISSIONAIRE.

Just outside Manchester there is a palatial building named the Cheadle Convalescent Home. From the outside it seems a very desirable place to recuperate after an illness, but those who have been there do not seem to be impressed with its comfort, and on investigating some of the complaints which I have received, there certainly seems considerable room for improvement.

Patients from the Royal Infirmary are catered for here at the same figure as they have been able to pay in the parent institution, and are sent so that a change of air and proper food may complete the good work already accomplished.

Now this food question seems a very sore point with the inmates, in fact so much so that it is the custom for them to sneak out and buy from a neighbouring shop something they *can* eat. The food has got so unsatisfactory, I am informed, that it is quite a common thing for patients to buy outside (and of course smuggle into the building for consumption at leisure) goods to the value of from 4s. to 8s. per week, according to financial circumstances.

Patients have told me that day after day the food remains untouched, particularly at the mid-day meal, on account of the unappetising manner in which it is served up. Chilled food on cold plates, supplemented by congealed gravy, certainly does not seem to be a tempting diet. The plates are not properly washed, and it is quite a common sight to see patients quietly wipe round the mugs, containing tea, with a view of getting a clean spot to put their lips.

There does not seem to be any complaint as to the quality of the food, but there certainly is in regard to the attendance given to the patients by the nurses. A case was quoted to me in which a patient was supposed to have medicine every hour. She got none all night, and in the morning was told by the nurse that on each of the visits she had been asleep, and it was thought wisest not to disturb her. The statement was incorrect, as the patient had not been to sleep all night, and to bear out her statement she pointed out the fact that the gas in the ward was still full on, and had been so all night, when by the rules it should have been reduced at 10.30 p.m.—thus showing the ward had never been visited at all. To my mind, the whole crux of the matter lies in the fact that the place is very much understaffed. Keeping the kitchen clean appears to be the first consideration, as that is most likely to be inspected; therefore other things suffer. I should strongly recommend the ruling powers to give this matter their attention, and put the service beyond reproach.

THE LIGHTBOWNE CHURCH SCANDAL.

By special request I attended at the Police Courts on July 5th to hear some charges relating to this matter, and must confess that it was a revelation—so I decided to get further information on the subject. It appears that some few years ago there was a split in the congregation of St. Luke's, and some of the dissatisfied ones went off and formed a little church by themselves, in which the services were held to their liking. Now, the remainder, finding they were "on their own," carried on the service at St. Luke's in the way *they* wanted, and so everybody was satisfied. As time went on, the parent church was deemed too small, and an effort was made to get subscriptions to build a new one, and after hard work, a sum of over £400 was got together. Further help was received, through the Bishop of Manchester, from a fund, in the shape of £2,000 and the site, and the church was built. A new vicar was appointed, and in the hope of bringing back those who had seceded, a man of very Low-Church principles was selected. This was bitterly resented by the old congregation, who had kept the church together, and had collected the £400 from the working people of the parish. To help the reconciliation, the first thing done was to get rid of all the old officials—including organist, choir, wardens, and Sunday-school teachers; and the Sunday-school was closed to the children. In spite of this, the old parishioners would not be brow-beaten; they took a place over a factory and kept their Sunday-school together. Now a lot of them have been denied the right to enter the place of worship they have helped to build; men and their wives are separated on entering the edifice, and placed far apart, and if they object it is called brawling. Men are placed about the church to report the least sign of intoning the responses, and a batch of summonses, issued at the instigation of the churchwardens, is the result. Indignation is at fever heat, and the sooner the Bishop of Manchester realises that he is trying to fit a round man into a square hole, and brings peace by removing the cause of dissension, the better it will be for the dignity of his diocese generally. It was stated, on the hearing of the summonses, that no complaint had been made to the Bishop or to other authorities, but I have before me a copy of a letter sent to his Lordship, and another to the Lord Chancellor.

THE WAIL OF THE COMMISSIONAIRE.

There seems to be a screw loose in this organisation somewhere, and the men are in a state of sullen mutiny. It appears that there are two sorts of duties, one called permanent employ—in banks, offices, etc.—and the other temporary—the men taking what they can get, from an hour or two, to a day or two, as opportunity offers. Somebody dug up a brilliant idea one day, and it was this: That in order to advertise the corps it would look nice to have a man outside the office doing a kind of sentry-go, taking it in turns of two hours each. Of course, this had to be done by the men who were waiting to be employed, and they had to do it gratis. Nobody likes to work for nothing, but here it goes a step farther. One man is lame, yet he is put down for the duty in his turn. As he cannot stand the strain, he pays another man a shilling to do the two hours for him. To actually pay another man to do work for which no wage is to be drawn is, I think, about the limit. There is also a lot of discontent at the manner in which men are chosen for the permanent jobs, and it is stated that men who are leaving the service, and who get a month's furlough with full pay, are often put into these right away, and thus draw double pay while their furlough lasts, to the exclusion of men who have been waiting months. I have gathered a lot of other information on this subject—the complaints would fill half-a-dozen pages.

BOURNVILLE VILLAGE TRUST.

A WORD FROM THE SECRETARY.

We gladly give publicity to the following letter from the Secretary of the Bournville Village Trust:—

> Referring to the paragraph in your issue of 8th ult. respecting Bournville, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly allow me to make one or two comments on the subject.
>
> With regard to rents, these are never raised during a tenancy, but when a house changes hands the rent is reconsidered and raised if it seems necessary; but it is obviously incorrect to say that it is raised in all cases. The whole income of the Trust goes to helping forward housing conditions at Bournville and elsewhere, and the Trust is therefore conducted upon business lines. This being so, the rents are fixed on a commercial basis, and the tenants prefer this to being in any way indebted to charity. Although there are plenty of houses to let in the surrounding districts, there are often 20 or 30 applications for any house belonging to the Trust that may become vacant. This it may fairly be argued is an evidence that the rents are not excessive. About 82 per cent. of the inhabitants are artisans. The Trust is under the final control of the Charity Commissioners, and the balance sheet is submitted to them every year, thus securing that the purpose of the Founder shall be fulfilled. No Trustee receives any pecuniary benefit from the scheme.

We are sorry that Messrs. Cadbury have not availed themselves of the opportunity to answer our enquiry whether the misleading advertisements to which we referred have yet been withdrawn, and note that, meantime, despite the whole tenor of such advertisements, Bournville is conducted on business, and not philanthropic, lines.

We have now printed in pamphlet form a revised synopsis of our Prudential articles, with additional matter. Copies may be obtained at a penny each, from any bookseller or newsagent, or post free three-halfpence, of The Publisher, JOHN BULL, LTD., *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.*

Begin to-day Baroness Orczy's great Serial in this week's "Mrs. Bull."

OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENT SCHEME.

A NOVEL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF "JOHN BULL" READERS.

We have inaugurated a scheme which will enable any of our readers to enjoy first-class entertainments during their seaside holidays at considerably reduced prices, and in many cases HALF PRICE, *during July, August, and September.*

By arrangement with the Proprietors of the entertainments mentioned below, any reader on presentation of the coupon to be found at the foot of the tablet on Page 1 *of the cover may obtain admission at half price (or at the reduced price), to the performances as set forth below.*

Coupons from our "companion" journal, "Mrs. Bull," will also be accepted.

Such arrangements have never been made before by any journal, and we are confident that those of our readers, either residents or on holiday in the towns mentioned, will not hesitate to avail themselves of these opportunities to the full.

ARBROATH.—*Will Irvin's "Merry Magnets," Cannon Common.* Alfresco Promenade Concerts. Half price to all seats at afternoon performances.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—*Bijou Theatre, Town Hall Square.* Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at Matinees, except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Coronet Entertainers, The Lawn, Marina. Half price to 6d. and 1/- seats at all morning performances except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

BLACKPOOL.—*Tivoli Electric Theatre (opposite North Pier).* Half price to 1/6, 1/- and 6d. seats.

Big Wheel or Jolly Wheel. Specially reduced admission, 2d.

BOGNOR.—*The Pier Picture Theatre.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats (special nights excepted).

BOURNEMOUTH.—*West's Pictures, Shaftesbury Hall.* Half price to all seats.

BRIDLINGTON.—*The New Spa, Gardens and Opera House.* 6d. Day Tickets issued at Half price.

BRIGHTON.—*Grand Concert Hall Picture Palace, West Street.* Admission to 9d. seats 4d.; 6d. seats 3d.; 3d. seats 2d. (except on Bank Holiday).

BROADSTAIRS.—*Bohemia.* Half price to all seats at 6.30 performances.

CLACTON-ON-SEA.—*Operetta House.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats; 9d. seats 4d., except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

DEAL.—*Collins' Royal Animated Pictures, Marina Hall.* 6d. seats 4d.; 3d. seats 2d. at all Matinees and on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

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DOVERCOURT.—*Victoria Hall and Gardens.* Mr. Chas. D. Wright's Stars of Eve Concert Party. Half price admission (excepting Costume Nights and Bank Holiday). Evenings at 8, Matinees Saturday at 3.

EASTBOURNE.—*Gallery of Illustration, Terminus Road.* Half price to 6d., 1/- and 1/6 seats at all performances, excepting Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

FILEY.—*Andie Caine's Entertainers, The Sands.* 3d. seats 2d. at morning performances. Also at the Pavilion at the evening performances 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—*The Gem Picture Palace (opposite the Jetty).* 9d. seats 6d., 6d. seats 4d. to the morning performances.

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ILFRACOMBE.—*Gaiety Concert Hall; Promenade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats at matinees. 1/6 seats 1/- on Monday evenings only.

JERSEY.—*West's Pictures, Royal Hall.* Half price to all seats.

LITTLEHAMPTON.—*Harry Joseph's Arcadia.* Half price to all seats (except on Wednesdays and Bank Holiday).

LLANDUDNO.—*Arthur Sutcliffe's Entertainers. Pier Head Pavilion.* Half price to afternoon performances.

MARGATE.—*Parade Cinema (opposite the Pier).* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats, afternoon performances, and half-price 1/- seats, evening performances only.

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RHYL.—*Olympian Gardens and Al-fresco Pavilion, High Street.* Complete change of company weekly. 1/- seats 9d., 6d. seats 4d. at all Matinees and Tuesday and Friday evenings. Afternoon teas served free.

ROKER.—Charles Elderton's Entertainers, *Summer Gardens.* Half price admission (except on Bank Holiday).

ROTHESAY.—*The Palace.* Stuart Debnam and his Jesters. Half price to 6d. seats at all Matinees and half price to 1/- seats to evening performances every Wednesday ("John Bull" evening).

RYDE.—*Theatre Royal.* Half price to all performances except on Saturdays and Bank Holiday.

SALTBURN.—*Electric Theatre.* 6d. seats 4d., 3d. seats 2d.

SANDGATE.—*Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.* Half price to performances on Thursdays and Fridays.

SCARBOROUGH.—*The Olympia Picture Palace, Foreshore Road.* Half-price to all seats (except on Sundays).

SHANKLIN.—*The Favourites. Miller's Green Esplanade.* Half price to 1/- and 6d. seats. Day performances only and Children's Competitions.

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WESTGATE-ON-SEA.—*Town Hall.* Admission to all entertainments at half price.

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By

LOUISE HEILGERS

READY JULY 24th, 1s. net.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKSTALLS.

Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

BY WALTER MOORE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Shortly after the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle I had the honour of a brief conversation with him.

"I say," said the Prince, "can't we get away out of all this for a bit? I'm just about sick of ceremonies. I wish I could stop being a Prince for an hour or two. Let's run off and climb a tree or something."

"Not in these trousers, your Royal Highness," I objected, glancing down at my carefully creased unmentionables. "But we might stroll along by the river for a while and talk, an it please you."

The Prince, I could see, was rather upset. His pleasant, open, boyish face was a little clouded as we made our way towards the stream.

"I say," he said suddenly, "whatever you do, don't be a Prince. It's an awful bore."

"Boredom is one of the penalties of greatness, your Royal Highness," I observed.

"And I say, you might drop the Royal Highness, will you? I get quite enough of that from Mayors."

"I hope you are not acquiring a distaste for the exalted position you occupy," I remarked.

"Not that exactly," replied the Prince. "I'm proud of being the Prince of Wales, and heir-apparent to the Throne of England, and all that sort of thing; but I do wish the wretched newspapers would not make such a frightful fuss about me. They print some shocking crams about me, too. Some of them say I am going to marry a German Princess. Isn't it rot? I don't think I shall marry at all. I'd rather have an aeroplane any day."

"So would I," I said enthusiastically.

"Then there are all the beastly snapshotters," continued the Prince, pouting. "They follow me about all over the shop. And don't they make me look a silly chump? What do they want to keep on photographing me for?"

I uttered a sympathetic murmur to the effect that it is the way of the snapshotter to keep on keeping on.

"I shall be jolly pleased when I am sent up to the 'Varsity," continued the Prince. "I expect I shall have a little freedom there."

"Even there I am afraid you will be the object of much unwelcome attention," I observed.

"Well, I think it will be pretty mean of the people if they don't let me alone until I'm of age," cried the Prince. "I sometimes wish father had been just an ordinary gentleman, so that I might have the ripping time other fellows do. Robes and garters and things are all very well in their way, but I'd rather be in flannels any time. Now, my sister likes ceremonies and all that sort of thing. But girls are different, aren't they?"

"They are, indeed," I responded gloomily. "Frightfully different."

The Prince gave me a sly glance.

"I say!" he cried, pointing an accusing forefinger at me. "I believe you are in love! What a chump you must be!"

"Let's make ducks and drakes," I suggested hastily, stooping to pick up a stone, and to conceal my blushes.

"Mine did seven that time," said the Prince a few minutes later. "That's licked you."

At this point a slight noise caused me to turn round. I was just in time to see a camera fiend skulk behind a clump of bushes.

I dashed at him and drew him forth, struggling and protesting.

"Here's a snapshotter, your Royal Highness," I said. "What shall I do with him?"

"Give him a ducking," suggested the Prince gleefully.

The emissary of an intrusive newspaper made a pleasant splash as he flopped into the stream. Whilst he was struggling ashore, we abstracted the plates from the camera and made ducks and drakes of them.

"I should like to do the same to all the beastly snapshotters who are always following me about," said the Prince.

"They deserve it," I replied.

A PROPHECY FORESTALLED.

A recent issue of the journal of the Royal Sanitary Institute contains an authoritative article from the pen of Major Robert J. Blackham, R.A.M.C.

In the course of this article Major Blackham refers to Hutchison's prophecy that *"the cheesemaker of the next century will have a laboratory attached to the factory in which the pure cultures responsible for the flavour of each variety of cheese will be nursed."*

Science and cheesemaking has, however, advanced with more rapid strides than this well-known dietetic specialist anticipated. There is no need for us to wait until the next century to see his prophecy fulfilled. The factory where St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is made has had such a laboratory attached to it for some time past—a laboratory staffed by experienced bacteriologists and under strict scientific control.

Cheese, as Major Blackham points out, was used as a food in earliest days of the world's history, and to-day authorities on the subject state that it is the most concentrated form of nourishment with which we are acquainted. There are 2,000 calories of energy in one pound of cheese—more than three times the amount yielded by a pound of lean beef.

The only objection to cheese is that some people find it indigestible, but the introduction of St. Ivel (Lactic) Cheese has overcome this trouble. Many medical men have definitely stated that this cheese is not only most digestible, but is also a distinct aid to digestion.

One of the reasons for this is that the milk used in making St. Ivel (Lactic) Cheese is inoculated with a pure lactic acid culture. During the process of fermentation a large proportion (38 per cent.) of the casein is rendered soluble, and the albuminous matter is prepared for digestion. 68 per cent. of the phosphate of lime, which is the chief mineral substance of milk, is also rendered soluble during the fermentation.

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Mr. Lloyd George's Financial Juggler, by Legerdemain—Taxpayer.
Mr. Chaplin's Bombastes, by Easy Street—Pension.
Mr. Birrell's Four-Leaved Shamrock, by Obiter Dicta—Practice.
Mr. Masterman's Whitewash, by Agent—Office.
Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Tariff Reform, by Joseph—Highbury.
Mr. J. Redmond's Uncrowned King, by Dictator—Erin.
Mr. T. M. Healy's Sound and Fury, by Blarney Stone—Distressful Country.
Mr. W. O'Brien's Nulli Secundus, by All for Ireland—Bit for Me.
Mr. Rowland Hunt's Pet of the House, by Fervid Flight—Boadicea.
Mr. Bonar Law's Statistics, by Ironmouth—Bonnie Scotland.
Mr. J. R. Macdonald's Chairman, by Vanity—Sight.
Mr. Keir Hardie's Socialist, by Leveller—Britannia.
Mr. Will Crooks's Earnest, by Woolwich Infant—Poplar.
Mr. L. V. Harcourt's Count D'Orsay, by Plantagenet—Inheritance.
Mr. Steel Maitland's Organisation, by Order—Chaos.
Mr. F. E. Smith's Privy Councillor, by Front Rank—Ability.

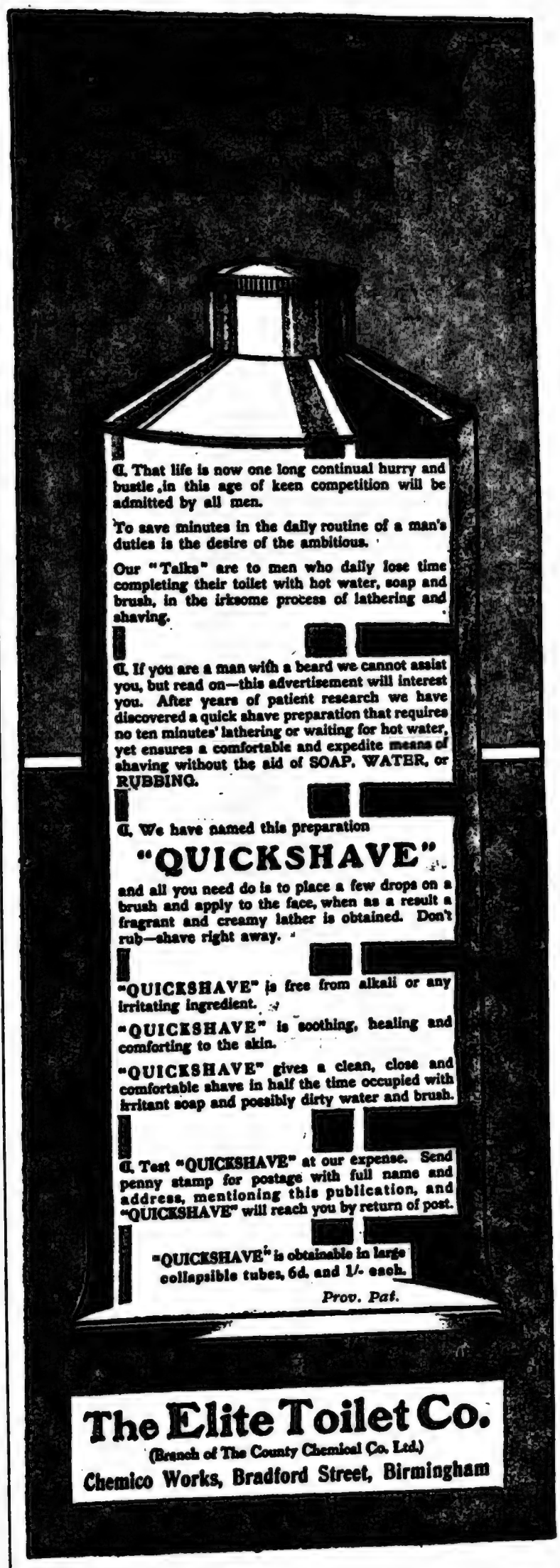
II.—ENTRIES FOR THE RULER'S HANDICAP.

His Majesty the King's People's Monarch, by Popularity—Coronation.
H.M. the Queen's People's Love, by Acclamation—Queen of Hearts.
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' People's Hope, by Naval Cadet—Osborne.
H.R.H. the Princess Mary's People's Darling, by Innocence—Childhood.
The German Emperor's Mailyphist, by Divine Right—Conviction.
The Austrian Emperor's Guiding Hand, by Control—Veneration.
The King of Italy's Parsimony, by Smallman—Second Nature.
The Tsar's Misrule, by Anxious Moments—Corruption.
The King of the Belgians' Not so Bad, by Congo—Slavery.
King Alfonso's Merry Heart, by Thoughtless Boy—Perspective.
King Manoel's Crown and Sceptre, by Revolution—Luck.
Prince Olaf's Perfect Nuisance, by Halfpenny Press—Bathos.
The French President's Kiss me Quick, by Fascination—Gay Paree.
President Taft's Treaty of Peace, by Common Sense—Arbitration.
Ex-President Roosevelt's Big Stick, by Back Number—The Ewigkeit.
Ex-President Diaz's Abdication, by Cut and Run—Danger.

Miss René Leyton, again retuning to the charge *re* the Cheltenham poster, states that she has no knowledge of the existence of the lady who has, perhaps unknowingly, assumed her professional name. She has been in the business since she was ten years of age, and, therefore, probably has as much right to the name as anyone, while she has never, at any time, received any communication from her professional double. If the lady in question wishes, she can write to Miss René Leyton through the medium of the *Stage* "Letterbox," in the usual way.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE II. OF COVER.


¶. That life is now one long continual hurry and bustle, in this age of keen competition will be admitted by all men.
To save minutes in the daily routine of a man's duties is the desire of the ambitious.
Our "Talks" are to men who daily lose time completing their toilet with hot water, soap and brush, in the irksome process of lathering and shaving.
¶. If you are a man with a beard we cannot assist you, but read on—this advertisement will interest you. After years of patient research we have discovered a quick shave preparation that requires no ten minutes' lathering or waiting for hot water, yet ensures a comfortable and expedite means of shaving without the aid of SOAP, WATER, or RUBBING.
¶. We have named this preparation
"QUICKSHAVE"
and all you need do is to place a few drops on a brush and apply to the face, when as a result a fragrant and creamy lather is obtained. Don't rub—shave right away.
"QUICKSHAVE" is free from alkali or any irritating ingredient.
"QUICKSHAVE" is soothing, healing and comforting to the skin.
"QUICKSHAVE" gives a clean, close and comfortable shave in half the time occupied with irritant soap and possibly dirty water and brush.
¶. Test "QUICKSHAVE" at our expense. Send penny stamp for postage with full name and address, mentioning this publication, and "QUICKSHAVE" will reach you by return of post.
"QUICKSHAVE" is obtainable in large collapsible tubes, 6d. and 1/- each.
Prov. Pat.
The Elite Toilet Co.
(Branch of The County Chemical Co. Ltd.)
Chemico Works, Bradford Street, Birmingham

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

BEING COMMUNICATIONS FROM A YOUNG PERSON TO HER FRIENDS AND RELATIONS.

BY MOORE ANKING.

SKIBBORIDGE NEUK,
SITHA, N.B.

DEAR MA,—You better put a fatted calf on order and pull yourself together, so to speak. I'm saying Good-bye to everybody and coming home once more.

I shan't shed no tears much over leaving Scawtland, ma, 'cause for one thing I'm getting fed up with nursing other people's kids, and then Bert and I want to see a bit more of each other before the fine weather goes, and so on and so forth.

One young person here said on account of me being so well known and all that, it would be proper for me to travel in cog., whatever that is. She reckoned I ought to go as La Princesse de Skibboridge. I had to tell her if that was meant for fun—all right, well and good, but if not, she might have to travel in splints till her face got soled and heeled.

Only fancy, mother, I'm a lot heavier than I was, only I don't seem to look it. One thing, when I get sat down somehow I can't get up so quick's I used to, so p'raps the wait's got settled in some place where I don't notice it. I reckon Bert'll find me a handful, speshally if we go on the swings.

Now, ma, I want you to see to the enclosed for me. Send 'em round sharp, speshally Bert's.

x x x Your loving daughter, x x x
JANE ANN.

[ENCLOSURE.]

DEAR AUNTIE,—I dessay mother's told you about me coming home. It seems a shame don't it, aunt, 'cause everything's so peeceful here, and when I go for walks and see nachur an' things, I don't know how I shall manidge when I part.

Though of course I shan't part till the last minnit, and not then if I can help it. I never do.

You'll be glad to know I don't take no heed of worldly things, auntie. As for young men, what I say is, the more you see of 'em the less there is to look at. How some girls can go dotty about having a sweetheart I reelly don't know. I s'pose Adam's to blame for a good deal of it. The way he and his missis made a mess of things ought to be lesson enough for anybody, I should think. Only try as you will you can't make some people see things in a right light.

Of course, everybody's not like that. Poor father often used to see things in the dark, plain as anything. Used to tell us what they were like and ask us to shift 'em.

Still, for all that, I think fifty's quite soon enough for any girl to trouble her head about getting married and so on. If mother had only consulted me I wouldn't have given my consent a day earlier.

I shall be coming to see you soon's I get home, auntie, and if you want blistering or your chest rubbed when the cold nights come, I'll always try to spare an evening.

Your niece with fondest love,
J. A.

[ENCLOSURE.]

DARLING BERT,—Won't you be pleased to know I'm coming home, dear? And what about me? Oh Bert, I can't tell you my feelings, but I've just fed the canary with a half-a-pound of chokkolate, straight, I seem to lose all control of myself at times. This is one of the times. Oh Bert!

It's all settled, dear, and I been to the station to choose the train. They showed me a lot of phottygraffs and I picked one with the engine painted brown; just matches my new dress.

One of the station people asked me if I should like to go a step further and choose my seat. I told him if he was to take a step backward he'd see that I was provided. Still it was thoughtful of him, wasn't it, dear?

Mind you come to meet me, darling, soon's you get the tellygram. I shall be looking out of the train all the way.

x x x x x x x x x x x x

Your very own little petsie, J. A.

P.S.—Come by yourself, dearest, don't bring any boy scouts. They're too young to understand.—J.A.

[ENCLOSURE.]

DEAR PEGGY,—Don't be surprised if you see me at the Pavgent.

You're sincere and loving friend,
J. A.

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DEDUCTIONS FROM CONDUCTORS' WAGES.—H. M. W. (S. Wales).—Conductors must account for the number of tickets they sell, and if their cash is short, the employers are entitled to deduct the amount from their wages.

GOODS.—S. H. (Leeds).—If they are not made according to order, you need not accept them.

DISTRAINT FOR RENT.—J. C. (City Road).—As you were a lodger and owed no rent, the landlord could not legally seize your goods, but we fear you have no remedy against the baliff entering your room.

CLAIM TO ESTATE.—J. P. G. (Manchester).—If the Court has decided that your claim is barred by the Statute of Limitations, it would only be a waste of money to attempt to carry the matter further.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION.—A READER (Staffs).—So long as the firm continue to employ you in accordance with the agreement, you have no remedy; if they discharge you without reasonable cause, you had better consult a solicitor.

DIVORCE.—F. G. (Antwerp).—The custody of the children is given to the innocent party.

SERVICE CONTRACT.—S. C.—Your master has the right to pay you a week's wages in lieu of notice, and this he can do at any time. You are not entitled to anything for board.

FINDING PROPERTY ON HIGHWAY.—N. F. (Brixton).—If you find property on the public highway it is your duty to return it to the owner, if there is anything to indicate who the owner is; if not, it is advisable, though not compulsory, to take it to the police.

TAXI CABS.—H. B. (Kingsland).—You cannot compel a driver to take you more than six miles.

REVENUE (Middleton).—Receipts must be given if requested.

ACCIDENT WHILST CYCLING TO WORK.—P. J. L. (Limerick).—As the accident did not arise out of or in the course of your employment, you cannot recover compensation under the Act. There are decisions of the Court of Appeal against your contention.

PASSING BILLS THROUGH PARLIAMENT.—P. D. (Glasgow).—Money Bills must originate in the House of Commons, other Bills may originate in the House of Lords. A Bill is sent to a Committee of the whole House after the second reading.

FOREIGN JUDGMENT.—BELGIAN (Manchester).—The English Courts take cognizance of a foreign judgment, and speedy decision can usually be obtained under Order 14.

VOTING AT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.—W. J. (Clapham).—A vote would not be disallowed on the ground that the cross was made with a different coloured pencil to that in use in the polling booth, but it is advisable to use the one provided.

SOLICITOR'S COSTS.—BISHOP (Cardiff).—If you think the solicitor is overcharging, you can have his bill taxed.

MALICIOUS PROSECUTION.—L. A. S. (Birmingham).—If you are not satisfied that your solicitors are conducting your case properly, take it out of their hands and instruct another firm.

WEEKLY TENANT.—MUSICUS (Barnsley).—It depends on which day the tenancy commenced—if it commenced on a Monday, the week would expire at midnight on Sunday, and the landlord would be entitled to demand possession by noon on the Monday.

SALE OF GOODS.—MUSICUS.—A tradesman is compelled to sell any article marked in the window—but if the article is marked "Reserved for Special Sale Time," he need not sell until that time.

ACQUITTAL.—J. E. A. (Athlone).—If a person has been tried for any criminal offence and acquitted, he cannot be tried again for the same offence, not even if he subsequently confesses.

NOTICE TO QUIT.—L. R. (Brighton).—You are a yearly tenant and must give six months' notice, such notice to expire on the same quarter day as your tenancy commenced.

ASSAULT.—CONSTANT READER (Dublin).—On the facts as you state them, we think the case is ended, but you can make sure by enquiring of the magistrate's clerk.

REFERENCES.—FAIRNESS (Bermondsey).—An employer need not give a reference, but if he does, it must be a true one—if he states anything which is defamatory and untrue, he is liable for damages.

PERSONAL INJURY.—F. H. (Fulham).—You have no claim for injuries received through a ball striking you whilst you were watching a football match.

ARREARS OF RENT.—R. J. (Leytonstone).—If you do not pay, the landlord may sue you in the County Court, and this will put you to additional expense.

DIVORCE IN FORMA PAUPERIS.—E. L. (Cricklewood).—You must find a solicitor to take your case up; he will obtain the Counsel's certificate necessary.

COSTS.—J. S. (Ilford).—If the writ was issued before you paid the debt, you are liable for the costs, notwithstanding that you paid before the writ was served.

NUISANCE.—F. P. B. (Kensington).—The only way to stop the nuisance is by an application to the High Court for an injunction, but we doubt whether, in the circumstances, an injunction would be granted.

RATES.—If people fail to pay their rates, they must put up with the consequences, but the law acts harshly in this respect sometimes, and we hope to see it amended shortly.

MARRIAGE WITH ROMAN CATHOLIC.—J. J. (Cheetham).—A Roman Catholic may marry a Protestant and the parties need not change their creed. If your father comes to your house and creates a disturbance, you can give him in charge.

INCOME TAX.—INK STAND (Bristol).—If your income exceeds £160 for the year, you must pay income tax, and must include in the return the amount you received from the benefit match.

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To any woman who will send us her name and address we will send free (closely sealed) our finely illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of disease. This book is written in plain language and explains many secrets you should know. It tells how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without the use of drugs.

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TO H.M. THE KING

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— he used foreign shaving soap, but that was before he tried the British Erasmic Shaving Stick

10d. *In Nickel Case.*

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

WANTED, ROOF GARDENS!

Oh! for roof gardens during this spell of tropical weather, where the poor dramatic critics can sit comfortably in the cool and watch a play, and the actors and actresses can also benefit by the gentle evening breeze. How dreadfully behind the age we are in this great city of ours, and in no respect more so than in the absence of outdoor amusements. Why can't we take a lesson from our French brothers and sisters, for instance, and start an "Alcazar," an "Ambassadeurs" in the Botanical Gardens, or Kensington Gardens, or both? In America you are whirled up in lifts to the roofs of theatres, and there you can sit beneath the "full moon and the white evening star," listening to divine music, or watching a play. But here, we have to remain half stifled inside the theatres, mopping one's aching brow, and gluing one's eyes to the artistes who are limply and moistly endeavouring to act their parts. When are such foreign blessings as roof-gardens and open-air café-chantants going to be accorded England? Wouldn't such places have been packed during the past few weeks?

THE INVARIABLE CRY!

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GREAT WHITE CITY,

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11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Admission 1/- Children 6d.

Is your Pipe ALL you could wish?

Doesn't it sometimes burn your tongue? Doesn't it sometimes fill your mouth with ill-tasting moisture. The

"MASTA" PIPE

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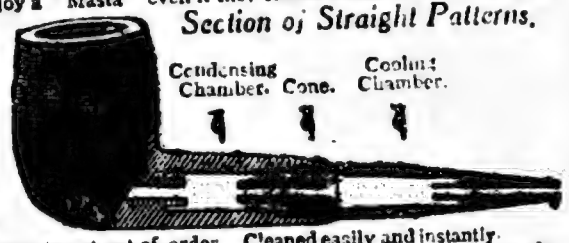
Made of best selected briar.

Note the special construction.

Section of Straight Patterns.



No parts to get out of order. Cleaned easily and instantly.
Obtainable of all leading tobacconists. Price 2/6, 4/-, 5/6, 8/- &c
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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

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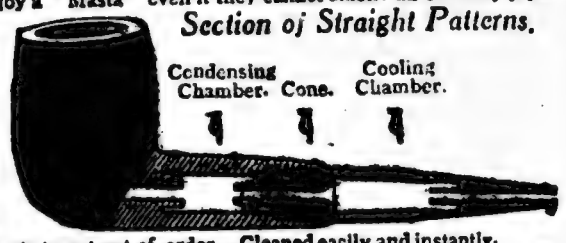

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WATSON'S "BLUE BAND" WHISKY

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
What is the "surrender value" of the Peers' present policy?
Could even Home Rule produce a "civil" war in Ireland?
Don't the Government wish Egypt a still more "out-of-the-way" spot?
Isn't it time that Milk Bill was presented?
Is the Insurance Bill too heavy to be carried?
Is government on the hire-purchase system anything new?
Has Germany any "business" in Morocco?
Isn't there plenty of room for "improvement" in Piccadilly?
Will Bradford now revive its dyeing industry?
Can't "Castro" be made to rhyme with "last throw"?
Do they call it the "Guineas" family in Dublin?
Shouldn't people who dock horses be "docked" themselves?
Is the scarcity of "flies" due to the Aerial Navigation Act?
How can a politician keep his promise when he is always giving it?
Isn't an unclosed window an "open invitation" to a burglar?

A religious sect in America call themselves the "Gift of Tongues." And their performances strike spectators dumb.

The French are a curious people. They have lost a poet and are actually trying to find him.

"Socialism is the determination to enjoy something you've not earned," says Mr. H. A. Vachell. Then most of the Peers are Socialists.

"A Bed of Roses"—recently published—is evidently one of those books you can re-lie on.

Keir Hardie predicts a return to the Roman toga. The term "togs" will then be a legitimate one.

Yarmouth has decided not to grant licences for goat carriages after this year. Rough on the kids.

"Maud Allan as a Boot-Black," reads a headline. She should shine at that.

"In these days the burdens upon Sovereigns do not tend to diminish" says the Duke of Northumberland. No, a quid has to go twice as far.

The Bocking Fire Brigade, which has gone on strike, appears to be very much "put out."

At Coggeshall they have been picking peas by the aid of lanterns. Light labour.

An actress has been divorced by her husband, a dramatic critic. That they could ever have hoped to agree is the wonder.

"Pain and sorrow are merely emotions out of place," says Mr. R. R. Buckley. Yes, we don't feel them in another fellow.

The statement that a hundred-storey skyscraper is to be built in New York sounds a bit too tall.

"It's the little things that trouble us," says a Boston paper. The happy possessor of triplets fully agrees.

The paradox of a newspaper is that big "returns" mean smaller profits.

A Walworth doctor complains that there is so little illness about that he is doing "next to nothing." But the latter may account for the former.

At an entertainment at Newington Baths, one swimmer was a child aged three. A genuine water-baby.

Woman may be, as Pope said, a contradiction, but some of them are very agreeable.

Mrs. Zangwill says we need a "divided-skirt" government. Any skirt government would be divided.

Two Americans are planning to build a huge hotel close to Park Lane. They should call it the Hide Park Hotel.

The Durham juryman who was fined £50 for attending in a state of intoxication found himself in the wrong box.

It is stated that there is a good opening for felt hats in Abyssinia. There is a better one for hats that can't be felt over here just now.

The President of the Portuguese Republic is to have £4,000 a year. Hardly a royal remuneration.

In consequence of the heat, bathing costumes have been worn throughout the day on the beach at some resorts. "Grin and bare it" seems to be the motto.

"Some women are professional pawners," says Mr. Wallace. And many pledge themselves.

A policeman at Abertillery stated that he had disguised himself as a coal-heaver. Just the way to make things look black.

In the new liner *Olympic* there are twenty-nine boilers. Will this help Cook's?

"We have even had to knock up the Archbishop of Canterbury at 2 a.m.," said the Chairman of the District Messenger Company recently. But most people are knocked up long before this.

The *Mail* described the recent unsettled weather as a cold snap. Another way of saying the weather had broken.

NOT THE ONLY HOLIDAY BOOK—BUT THE BEST.

Ready July 24

TABLOID TALES

By

LOUISE HEILGERS.

With a Preface by

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

¶ This is *just* the book for the buoyant holiday-maker or the jaded man or woman. Bright, pithy fiction—full of fascinating interest, and told with a verve that holds the reader absorbed from beginning to end.

1/- NET.

WHETHER AT HOME OR AWAY, THIS IS THE BOOK YOU MUST READ.

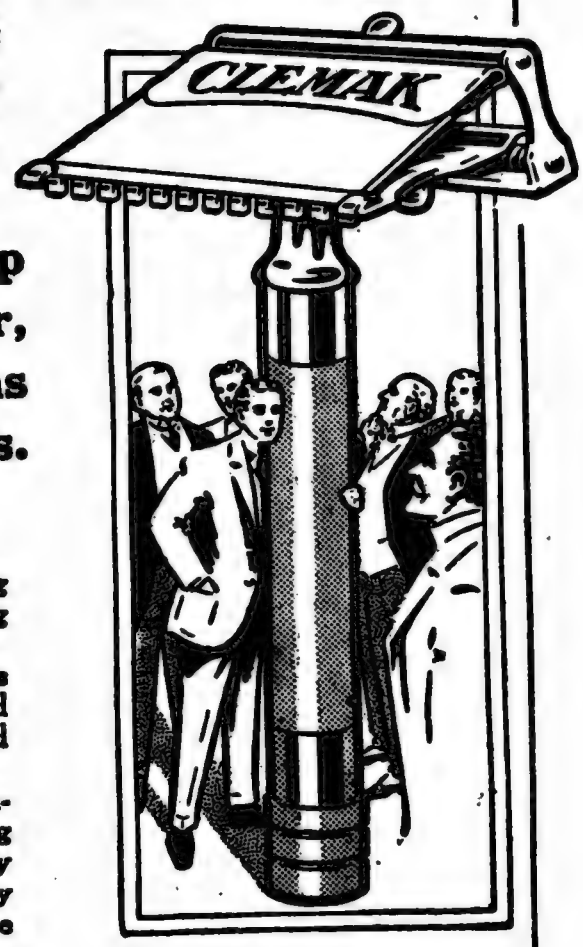
Ask for it at your Bookseller's, or at the Railway Bookstall.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

. . . Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

. . . Now put the **CLEMAK** side by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razor—and costs you 16/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?



The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades.

The CLEMAK avoids all this.

THE CLEMAK Stropping Machine price **3/6** (including a fine horse-hide strop), compels you to strop at the **correct** angle and pressure. Ensures a **keen** blade for **every** shave.

. . . Why not let your coming holiday be free from shaving troubles?

. . . The seaside barber is busy, so buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

. . . The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life. . . . Buy one to-day.

. . . The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 8s. 6d., and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

COMBINATION CASE, 12 Blades, Stropping Machine, and Strop, 10/6

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c., Or post free from the CLEMAK RAZOR CO., Billiter St., London.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. All matter submitted must be original unless otherwise stated. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

The Editor cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, Etc., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of putting our readers into communication with one another. If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.

M. F. (Bristol) and many Others.—The Editor has been much comforted by your sympathy and kindly thoughts.

W. B. (Catford) having read our Hackney Empire Speech, wishes to ask us a plain question: Would we, if offered the office of *Chancellor of the Exchequer* by the Prime Minister, accept the post? Just now the position would be very tempting.

W. D. (Llanelly) has just been to the local Tabernacle, where the preacher said: "Parents ought to forbid their children to attend *moving picture shows*, cricket and football." Strange to say, the only game which escaped censure was bowls, which, we are told, the preacher plays himself.

R. G. L. (Blackpool) writes:—"I have a crow or two to pluck with *that brazen hussy Jane Ann*, and this filletted gas-bag may shortly expect a call over the coals." A call to the Bar?

"Sunstar."—We know nothing about the *Literary Correspondence College*, and are not great believers in men learning to be authors. Remember that a poet is born, not made. How much more therefore a journalist? Q. E. D.

"A Simpleton" (Stratford).—We do not approve of our readers compelling people to return fees by *threatening to write us*. Circumstances may have justified your action, but the practice might easily lead to abuse.

"Pedlar" (Hong Kong) is far too sensitive. He has got into his head that English ladies and gentlemen turn away in disgust when they meet a *soldier or sailor on leave*, "as though we were so much eyesore or dirt." We agree they "should command the same respect in those waters as they do in England." But surely they do.

H. L. C. (Birmingham) enquires about the *Empress Transfer Co.* (Manchester), who ask £2 for putting a business on the market, but offer no guaranty.

M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue).—You must guess again if you want to probe the *identity of Jim Crow*. Has it never occurred to you that the blind beggar was a woman?

Mr. C. (S. Tottenham) informs us that when his scullery floor fell in, he *found a well* 62 ft. deep. This sounds better than water-divining.

J. M. (Perak) says the *Malay States* are just as wretched as Canada for immigrants, who have yet to learn that a shovel and a big cart for gold-transport are still an insufficient equipment.

"Punjabee" writes that we are as *welcome* as an iced peg after a hot day. Once upon a time he had only two compensations for exile in the plains, whisky and tobacco, but now we make a good third.

"Tim" (Islington).—If England were *conquered by a foreign Power*, we suppose Consols would be taken over, but we don't know about Government annuities.

J. D. says *bank* managers bully and sweat their staffs, underpay them, and treat them more like dogs than human beings, "all for the sake of paying greedy shareholders big dividends."

"Reader" (Portsmouth) complains about the harshness of the Royal Warrant *re* age limit for warrant rank. He suggests that it should be raised from 40 to 42, and asks our help in the matter. But someone else is sure to come along and ask us to get it raised to 44. How would our friend like to be in the employ of a certain newspaper syndicate we could name, where the age limit for promotion to heads of departments is about 20?

"Business Government" (Sekondi).—Yes, Mr. Stewart Bowles, son of Mr. Gibson Bowles, sat in Parliament for Norwood from 1906 to 1910.

D. J. H. (Newcastle) wants to know of a few good *home employment agencies*. But do any exist? The man who could devise one ought to make his fortune.

J. J. (Upton Park).—We agree that much disappointment is caused when people take a great deal of *trouble in pursuit of situations*, and then are coolly told "We are suited." But what is the remedy?

J. H. J. (Atherstone) says that last year's crop of beet in Germany and Austria was a record one, but that supplies are being held back with the object of increasing the *price of sugar*.

"A Teetotaler who Loves Justice" says it is all very well for the Government *to penalise the drink trade*, but there are "hundreds of good, sober, self-denying women who are deprived of half their incomes and more because the Government claims the dividends: it is no fault of these unfortunate people that their trustees considered breweries a safe investment." As she points out, when the slave-trade was abolished it was considered a point of honour to compensate the slave-owners. Why not also the holders of brewery shares?

J. D. (Bristol) says he was wrongly accused by a tram conductor of trying to pass off a bad shilling. Lucky the matter did not proceed as far as in another case, also at Bristol, where a man who tendered a perfectly good coin was marched through the streets by the police and could obtain no compensation.

"A Weeping Rodent" (Clapham) thinks that if *Lord Kitchener* were sent to the War Office it would be very unfair on "the spiders, beetles, mice, cockroaches, fleas, and all the numerous inhabitants of undisturbed decay and solitude which have thriven there in happy contentment." But if Lord Kitchener is going to Egypt they may breathe again.

A. P. (Argentine Club, S.W.) writes:—"It is a South American custom for the men to stand at the corner of the streets, outside *cafés*, etc., and admire the members of the fair sex, invariably passing remarks about them." His conclusion is that English ladies ought not to resent the impertinence. Our conclusion happens to be a little different.

R. G. M. (Boston) says he has had experience of thoughtless, well-meaning persons becoming the tormentors of the helpless sick by intruding with *unwelcome prayers*. When he was seriously ill in a hospital he was invited to prepare his soul for the great hereafter, and this did not conduce to the optimism which assists recovery. "A month previous to my accident," he writes, "my father died. Then came the loss of my arm and other injuries which nearly cost me my life. My mother was practically losing her reason and I, the eldest of a family of six children, was powerless to help." He therefore resented canting consolations, whereupon he was tortured with warnings of the vengeance of the Lord upon those who disregard His law.

V. V. H. (Regent's Park).—It was no doubt rude of the policeman to *move you on at Piccadilly Circus* with loud reflections on your moral character, but you must make allowances for the strain involved in all these festivities.

F. W. (Crystal Palace) wants us to "do something for *poor inventors* this Coronation year." Why this year more than any other year? We should certainly like to do something for those inventors who are responsible for descriptive reports of the festivities.

Mrs. B. (Middlesex) has a son aged fourteen who went to Ascot. While he was sitting on the grass he saw a lady from the royal enclosure drop her purse. His first thought was to keep it, but "all at once," he said, "I remembered my mother always told me *honesty is the best policy*," so he ran after the lady and gave her the purse. She opened it in front of him and he saw inside a gold watch, a diamond ring and several sovereigns. She said to him, "There is nothing missing, thank you," so now the boy intends to keep the next purse he finds. Purses, however, do not grow on every gooseberry bush, and he may as well remember that keeping another person's purse sometimes leads to quite a long term of imprisonment. After all, honesty is the best policy if it keeps us out of gaol.

J. P. B. (Barrow-in-Furness) celebrated *the Coronation* with a "mammoth bonfire," and it was only after all the preparations had been made that he remembered the Union Jack which he had nailed to a pole would be burnt also. So now he wants us to "be prevailed upon to give him a special dispensation" for his outrage on the flag. But the mischief appears to have been done already, and our dispensations are not retrospective.

W. C. (Catford) writes:—"The season is close at hand when the customary *cruelty of the Isle of Man farmers* takes place. Brutal farmers tie the lambs' legs together, throw them on a cart on top of each other till the cart is full, and jolt the breath out of them on a 10 or 12 miles' journey to Douglas—no doubt most of them being suffocated on arrival. Now, John, show your heart."

F. G. W. (Beckenham) says that the *South Eastern Railway* has improved tremendously during the last few years. So it will probably be able to spare Lord Kitchener if he goes to Egypt.

"One Who Knows" thinks the *men at Chelsea Baths* ought to have Bank Holidays off because they only receive £1 5s. per week and "have little bairns to feed and clothe." Why not give them better wages and let us swim during the holidays?

T. J. S. (Tooting).—Your suggestion that *loyal subjects should cultivate baldness* as well as beards is not a new one. Meanwhile we are trying to educate Jim Crow to look like the Prince of Wales.

A. N. (Weymouth) says it is not every man who can grow a beard, so we must be thankful for small mercies. "*The Beard*," he argues, "more than anything shows the breed of a man, and it is quite natural that men should grow the beard or why should the hair be placed there? A regiment of bearded men would look far better than the feminine soldiers we see about nowaday. If one only knew the comfort of a beard he would at least try to grow one and not allow the barber to lather his face and pull his nose one side every morning to scrape his face."

"Constant Reader" (Bournemouth).—What is your objection to the *Mayor of Bournemouth* having his mug on the Coronation mugs?

F. (Bradford) suggests our going through an elementary French course because we spoke of *Belle-Ile-Sur-Mer*. As we took the name from a French paper we will pass on the suggestion to the editor, and trust to luck that we may not be called out to show our swordsmanship.

J. N. (Torquay).—We are very sorry to hear that your preacher referred to us "in a very ungentlemanly way." However, it is all useful as an advertisement.

"Lino" (Southwark) sent a shilling to *George Fraser and Co.*, 330, Essex Road, Islington, on account of an order for a bedstead, bedding, etc. He was told that a representative would call upon him, but no one has been yet. Due to the Coronation, no doubt.

Mrs. C. (Kettering) complains of *Lewis and Sons*, wholesale and retail tea merchants, of Birmingham and Manchester. They tell her that if she will read their circulars carefully, she will find that they cannot be held responsible for statements made by their agents. We are not so sure about that.

A. B. (Wei-Hai-Wei, China) complains that the "*Admiralty Mail*," a gratuitious parcel of periodicals, never reaches the men. After the officers have digested it, "the papers are hoarded up for coal ship days when they are used to block up the chinks of coal shoots and mess ventilations."

P. T. (Penzance).—It certainly seems very hard that you should receive only a few shillings for a valuable invention, but we dare not take sides in a *dispute about a patent* without having the whole case before us.

"Blackmail" wants to know what is the maximum punishment for extorting money by a threat of exposure without criminal intent. That sounds a contradiction in terms.

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

Buy to-day "Mrs. Bull" and read Baroness Orczy's delightful new Serial.

FURNITURE,
—SECONDHAND—
IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE.

The NEWMAN and OXFORD STREET FURNITURE and ANTIQUE DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.) OFFER the FOLLOWING GENERAL HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, including DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, and BED-ROOM FURNITURE, PLATE, LINEN, CARPETS, PIANOS, etc., etc., removed from Marlborough Place (Brighton), Lissenden Gardens (Highgate), Dover Road (Blackheath), Belgrave Square, S.W., 1, Hyde Park Place, W., Theobald's Park, and elsewhere: Magnificent pieces of furniture, half the original cost. No reasonable offer will be refused. The following are some of the bargains obtainable:

The BED-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Iron bedsteads, from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, from 10s.; full-size black and brass bedstead, 11s.; 4ft. 6in. oak bedstead, with wire mattress, 30s.; 10 oak bedsteads, 11s. 6d.; very fine pair brass twin bedsteads, £4 10s.; large-size mahogany bedstead, inlaid, with wire mattress, £3 10s.; all-brass bedstead, full size, £2 7s. 6d.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, fitted with wire mattresses, £2 19s. 6d.; pair all-brass Italian bedsteads, £3 10s.; a square tube all-brass Italian bedstead, £3 8s.; and several others up to 20 guineas; several white-enamelled bed-room suites, from £4 5s.; oak bedroom suites £4 10s. three solid oak bedroom suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing-table, £5 5s. each; satin-walnut bed-room suite, with cheval wings to dressing-table, £6 10s.; a walnut bed-room suite, £7 5s.; an inlaid Sheraton design bed-room suite £7 10s.; a similar suite, £10 10s.; 4ft. 6in. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, £11 11s.; 5ft. inlaid Sheraton design bed-room suite, £18 18s.; 5ft. mahogany bed-room suite, £19 19s.; 6ft. Sheraton design bed-room suite, 24 guineas; 6ft. mahogany bed-room suite, 27 guineas; 6ft. walnut bed-room suite, 22 guineas; 7ft. inlaid suite, 40 guineas; 7ft. Louis bed-room suite, most exquisite design, 80 guineas; six inlaid Sheraton design chests, from £2 2s. each; 6ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 16in. walnut boot-stand, 21s.; 2ft. 6in. Empire mahogany washstand and writing-table combined, 60s.; 4ft. 6in. burr walnut hanging wardrobe.

The DINING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Most massive Elizabethan design dining-room set, consisting of sideboard, overmantel and suite upholstered in red leather, £15 15s.; 7ft. mahogany sideboard, £9 10s.; 20 old-design dining-room chairs, upholstered in real morocco, £1 1s. each; magnificent solid oak dining-room set, £9 10s.; oak suite, upholstered in green pegamoid, £3 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 7s. overmantel, 45s.; Chippendale dining-room set, £10 10s.; Queen Anne mahogany dining-room set, £7 18s. 6d.; solid oak sideboard, £3 10s.; 20ft. extending dining-table, £5 5s.; fumed-oak dining-room set, consisting of sideboards, six chairs, two carved chairs, overmantel, rug, etc., will accept £13 13s. lot; a most superb Chesterfield and two club large easy chairs, upholstered in green leather, £14 14s. set; a Sheraton design sideboard, £5 15s.; mahogany bookcase, £2 18s. 6d.; mahogany writing bureau, 32s. 6d.; several overmantels, from 15s.; about 20 dining-tables, extending different lengths, from 17s.6d.; about 50 odd dining-room chairs, all to be sold with no reserve; 20in. inlaid mahogany revolving bookcase, 45s.; 4ft. 6in. walnut pedestal cylinder writing-table, £9 15s.

The DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE comprises: Very fine drawing-room suite, £2 10s.; another elaborate drawing-room suite, £5 15s.; satinwood drawing-room suite, £6 10s.; Sheraton design drawing-room suite, £7 10s.; most elegant French design drawing-room suite, Louis XIV., upholstered in French tapestry, £19 19s.; Chesterfield drawing-room suite, most exquisite design, £17 17s.; set of Dutch marqueterie inlaid chairs, £14 14s.; most elegant Vernis Martin cabinet, £18 18s.; another one, £10 10s.; buhl cabinet, £12 12s.; table ensuite, £8 8s.; large Chesterfield, upholstered in silk, £6 6s.; two Chesterfields, £2 10s. each; Chippendale occasional tables, from 10s. 6d.; Sheraton design cabinet, £2 10s.; oval gilt table, £10 10s.; pair 9-light candelabras, 6gns.; pair 5-light candelabras, 10gns.; clock in ormolu case, 10gns.; Chippendale design cabinet, £5 10s.; two white enamelled overmantels, 18s. 6d. each; elegant piano, £7 10s.; an upright grand piano, mahogany case, nearly new, with iron frame, £12 12s.; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, Collard and Collard, etc.; about 50 reversible carpets, from 7s.; tapestry carpets, with border, from 14s. 6d.; also some elegant Brussels carpets, Axminster carpets, etc., from 18s. 6d. each; Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from £2 10s. each; about 10 very large Axminster-Wilton carpets, from £5 5s. (worth considerably more). Great quantity of Hall Furniture. Also about six roll-top desks, from £4 7s. 6d. each; also quantity of Library and Office Furniture, about 20 vols. of books, large quantity of electro-plate, china, glass, cutlery, kitchen utensils, lace curtains, bed and table linen, etc. Country buyers should call and inspect these goods. All goods delivered, town or country, free of charge, or can remain stored free for 12 months. All goods can be seen where they are now lying, for the convenience of sale, any day, from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven, at

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92, 93, and 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W. One door from Oxford Street, W., and three minutes from Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Circus, and all principal Tubes. Telephone 1307 Central. £150,000 of genuine secondhand furniture always on view; secondhand furniture bought to any extent. CAB FARES REFUNDED TO ALL PURCHASERS. CATALOGUES NOW READY. FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION. WE UNDERTAKE TO SHIP ANY OF THESE GOODS FOR ABROAD.

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a delicious increase of health that makes the whole body tingle with

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and each succeeding wineglassful promotes and maintains

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Coleman & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

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Address .....

J. B. July 22 '11.

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is a wonderful preparation that really does develop the bust.

Simple in its use and action—one can carry out the treatment in one's own private room—without trouble or inconvenience of any kind.

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Send **5/6** and this new and unfailing preparation will be mailed you by return, post free, in plain and sealed wrapper.

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Restores gloss and Brilliancy—stops hair falling—nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff—positively makes the hair grow—is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

Recommended for use in conjunction with JUNON Hair Stains.

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair.

Post **1/- & 2/6** Free

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This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the skin.

In Eight Standard Shades:—Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

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T.E. & CO.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
(" *Double U. L.*" of Lotinga's Weekly and "*Magpie*" of The Globe.)

Are Regattas Waning?

It is pretty generally an open secret that the annual expenditure of the Henley Regatta of late years has exceeded the income, chiefly owing to the expenses of keeping a clear course for the competitors. The reserve fund is now practically exhausted, so that, last year appealing to the public, the Regatta Committee invited present and old time rowing men to aid in financial assistance by becoming annual subscribers, and this season flags at 2s. 6d. each to the public to help the funds.

The Law is a Ass.

I noticed recently that a bookmaker who was fined for loitering for the purpose of betting was not allowed to have the slips given back to him, so that he could, as desired, pay out. Administration of the technical law may be one thing, but can never be intended to absolutely create dishonesty and, as in this case, loss to very many little backers who had their shillings on. If this method of arbitrary treatment is in unison with the law of common sense, then the law is more disgusting than ever to open-minded people with instincts of honesty.

Prophetic.

To-day (Thursday) is just in time to catch part of the Liverpool and Windsor meetings, and to anticipate the success of

DECISION

in the Liverpool Cup, with the greatest danger from EUDORUS, who, however, I do not think can stay the course. But to miss him would mean maddening annoyance if the chestnut should win it, and horses such as he do "come up" when left alone at last.

Again,

NEW CASTLE II.

will be a 6—4 chance if contesting the Croxteth Plate, but we must back him, and he ought to win it.

At Windsor it is not safe to leave out RED STAR in a sprint, and the horse is in the Thames Handicap. I dare not suggest it as a tip, but must merely name the fact that little VALIDE runs in the Castle Selling Handicap, ridden by pigmy Davis, and will go all out each way.

At Hurst Park, LINGGI should win the Vyner Handicap, but there is danger, as usual, in GALA TWEED, whilst Saturday's Walton Handicap may go to AYE AYE.

THE OPEN ROAD.

A REMARKABLE BOOK on "SYSTEMS," written by a retired Signalman. This handsomely illustrated Book will show you how you may avoid Turf losses. It will prove to you the advantages of Systematic investments. How the writer in the long night hour in the Signal Box discovered a System which has won him a fortune. It will not only show you how this fortune has been made, but will show you how you may do the same. No need for you to delay. The Book is free for stamped address.

Write now to "PLAYFAIR," Radford Rd. Leamington Spa.

TRUTH, April 27th, 1910, says:—

". . . I have never had any reason to doubt his readiness and ability to meet his engagements."

BERT FRY, BALE 2 SWITZERLAND.

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Send 1s. up to £2, and your commissions are executed at S.P. if post-marked before 1 p.m. DAY OF RACE. NO LIMIT. PLACE BETTING 1, 2, if only five runners. PLACE BETTING whether odds on favourite or not.

F. SLOAN IN GRAND FORM!

SENSELESS, WELL DONE, FAIR DART, BACH, CHANCE, KLERKSDORP, ASSAYER, GIRL OF THE WEST, DANDY PRAT, SWYNFORD STUDIO, MELEAGER, MOSCATO, MY COLLAR, CATRAIL, ROCHESTER, etc., etc.

40 Winners, 54 Losers, Showing a profit this season of £310.

Clients remitting 15/- will receive my two One-Horse Selections (separate races) sent each day. If less than three Winners sent in one week, my next week's Wires sent free.

My Winners have always started at good Prices. I never send odds-on chance.

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4 Wires— 3 Winners
9 Wires— 8 Winners
19 Wires— 15 Winners
24 Wires— 17 Winners
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